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HUMPTY DUMPTY DEAD.

In Memory of George L. Fox the Clown.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

HAT, tears for him who never wept?
Tears for the clown whose antics kept
The world in mellow laughter?
Yes, tears, because grim-visaged Death,
Who long had followed after
His victim, freezes with a breath
The springs of mellow laughter;
And manly tears they are to shed,
For Humpty Dumpty's self is dead!

When will another come like him?
Now that his eye is glazed and dim
We look in vain for another;
Nature fashioned him at her best,
And only death could smother
The warmth of the heart within his breast—
There will come, in truth, no other
To follow on in the path he led,
For Humpty Humpty's self is dead!

Ah, Humpty Dumpty, through our tears
Your kindly, mobile face appears
With humor all unstinted;
A face to read as though a page
Whereon was plainly printed
Delight, amazement, pleasure, rage,
And humor all unstinted—
Alas! the page no more is read,
For Humpty Humpty lies there dead!

Think of his power in other days,
The look which spoke, the whimsical ways
Which made our laughter duty;
A child himself in all that lends
To childhood truest beauty,
The children were his staunch good friends,
Who loved him as a duty,
And find to-day true tears to shed
Because their Humpty Dumpty's dead.

Love was his Columbine to win,
And Fortune was the Harlequin
Who brought him joy and sorrow;
To-day the sunlight round him played,
The clouds were black to-morrow,
And still he laughed, and laughing made
A Pantaloon of Sorrow—
Ah, better since his reason fled
That Humpty Dumpty should be dead!

Then tears for Humpty Dumpty's sake,
Who sleeps the sleep no more to wake—
Yes, tears from all who love him;
And let this be the epitaph
They carve and place above him:
He made his fellow-men to laugh,
And all the world to love him.
Let that be placed above the head
Of Humpty Dumpty who is dead!

GERONIMO,

OR THE FETTERS OF FATE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI CONSCIENCE FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED.

Maria heaved a heavy sigh, while she leaned her head again on the old man's shoulder to conceal the torrent of tears that his harrowing wail had torn from her. Van den Werve contemplated the disconsolate pair and wiped a tear from his eye, saying to his daughter:

"I beseught you to remain in your room, Maria, until you could allay your grief. You have disregarded my wish; but I forgive you willingly, my child, in consideration of the misfortune which seems to threaten us. If you wish to tarry with us yet a while, you must hold yourself in check, else I will call the duenna and tell her to take you away. Now, Maria," he pursued in a gentler tone, "I beg you, beseech you, to understand the duty you have to fulfill here; be strong, and distil some consolation into the heart of our unhappy friend."

Maria made a heroic effort, raised her head, and stammered between her tears:

"You are right, papa; we are pining here as though no ray of hope could assuage our sorrow; but—but ——"

The effort she had made to suppress her emotion seemed to have been beyond her strength, for she paused abruptly and gasped for breath.

"O signor!" she went on presently, clenching her hands in the painful struggle with herself to be calm, "one cannot know—God is so good, and Geronimo had such a pure heart!"

"True, my child," murmured the old man, "God is good; but his decrees are unfathomable. If I could only find a possible motive that would explain my nephew's absence; but nothing—nothing!"

"The bailiff gave us this morning a plausible reason for believing it possible Geronimo would return to us safe and sound," remarked Lord Van den Werve.

"Do you refer to Liefmans the banker, papa?"

"Yes; he also had disappeared unawares. After a fortnight of useless inquiries and searches, and when his relatives had already had mass said for the repose of his soul, he was found safe and sound in a cellar, where a band of night-prowlers had confined him, to force him to pay a handsome ransom."

"Ah, may the same have happened to Geronimo!" said Maria with as much hope as she could feign, endeavoring to help her father in his generous design.

Signor Deodati shook his head unbelievingly.

"Let us still hope, signor," resumed Maria, with sudden animation, squeezing the old man's hand affectionately. "We must not forget the amulet, Signor Deodati."

Deodati shook his head dreamily.

"Ah, the amulet!" he replied with a pale smile. "I fear, child, all its magic power lies in your imagination."

He continued shaking his head, and returned to his dreaming.

Maria, stunned by this last blow, unintentionally given by the agonized man, bowed her head again wearily into the floor, while Van den Werve paced to and fro with clouded brow.

"Have you learned nothing new since this morning?" he asked abruptly, placing himself in front of the venerable Italian. "Haven't you seen Signor Turchi?"

"I spoke to him before 'Change hours," was the reply, uttered pensively. "Poor Turchi! he looks more depressed than any of us," pursued the old gentleman, calmer. "He has grown so emaciated during the past five days that you would scarcely know him. He doesn't give himself a moment's repose; he is on his feet from morning till night, running, hunting, as if Geronimo had been a cherished brother to him."

"There is much generosity locked up in his heart," put in Maria. "Poor Simone! I have not treated him always justly; but it is in misfortune one learns to know one's true friends. Now I shall never cease to entertain the greatest respect and gratitude towards him."

"He will be here to see me shortly after 'Change," resumed Deodati. "I do not know whether he has some particular communication to make to me or not, but it struck me at the time he wished to impart some secret to me. The arrival of several merchants of his acquaintance prevented his saying anything more. By the way, I almost had a quarrel with him ——"

"A quarrel?" repeated Van den Werve, with astonishment.

"Gracious me, yes; but one worthy of praise, on his side at least. He told me it was his intention to see the bailiff and have him promise a large reward for the first one who would bring positive tidings of Geronimo."

"Oh, how thankful I am for his generous friendship!" interposed Maria, drawing a deep breath.

"You know I would not permit that," pursued the old man. "I thanked him for his kind intention, and, leaving him in company with some merchants, went to the City Hall to see about offering a reward; but I saw the decree of the burgomaster and aldermen, by which three hundred florins are promised to whomsoever can give information of Geronimo's whereabouts. I had a talk with the bailiff at noon. He tells me that, notwithstanding the most active search, no trace of Brufferio's wife and her companions has been found. It seems that all these wretches left the country immediately after the ribald's death. But the bailiff is to receive this afternoon a report on important perquisitions instituted this morning. If he learns of anything that may interest us, he will impart it to us in person. I think I hear St. John's striking the hour of five. Signor Turchi will be here soon."

During this explanation Maria had remained motionless, with lowered eyes. Probably she had only half heard what had been said, for her eyes were riveted on the floor, and her thoughts were visibly far from there. Not until a servant opened the door of the room and announced in a loud voice "Signor Turchi" did the young girl make the slightest motion. Then she sprang from her chair and rushed towards the door, as though expecting to hear important news from the lips of the newcomer. Lord Van den Werve also went to meet him. Maria caught his hands in hers with involuntary effusion, and all three looked at him inquiringly.

"Alack! my friends! Maria, I know nothing, absolutely nothing!" said Turchi, in a voice that sounded like the echo of a broken heart. "All my efforts remain without a result. I swore to spare neither pains nor money to discover what had become of my unfortunate friend, but impenetrable darkness has cloaked the terrible secret. Oh, what can we do? Let us hope the bailiff and his agents will have better luck than I, who have only my affection and anxiety to direct my steps."

The young girl, struck with bitter disappointment by Turchi's words, retreated to the other end of the room and let herself drop upon a chair with a groan. Turchi followed her, placed himself beside her, and, contemplating her with the deepest compassion, apparently, said:

"Oh, my poor Maria! Your grief is ineffable, I know. My own sorrow tells me how horribly this cruel uncertainty must lacerate your loving heart!"

The young girl looked up at him and perceived two tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Thanks, thanks, Simone," she said in a low tone, raining hot tears on her hands. "I will pray God to reward you for your affection and generosity."

There was a strange expression in Simone's countenance at that moment. While his cheeks were pale with feigned sadness, a warmer blood diffused itself on the edges of his cicatrix; for the latter was not so completely under his control, and, do what he might, he could not help its betraying the joy that lurked in his murderous heart on hearing the soft words uttered by the young girl. These words gave him to hope he would attain his whole aim eventually. He had not forgotten to get possession again of the note that would have caused his ruin had it fallen into the hands of others; he had buried in the dismal cellar—so he believdd—all proofs of his crimes. In order to esteem himself well paid for the murder of his friend, and to remain rich, great and honored, he required Maria Van den Werve for his life's partner. He was well aware he must have patience—very long, perhaps; meanwhile, since the very day of the crime, he had begun to weigh in his mind each word and action which he intended should be his means of worming his way into Maria's heart. He was sure of her father's consent, which alone was sufficient to spur him on. It was in order to attain this end he feigned the excessive sorrow and let his tears fall silently, while he kept his eyes fixed on Maria, as if the girl's suffering pierced his heart.

"Do not be so crestfallen," he said to the weeping girl, seizing her hand. "An idea passed through my head last night—a strange idea. If I am not deceived, there are well-founded reasons still for looking forward to Geronimo's happy return."

"Oh speak, speak, Simone!" said Maria with an anxious smile. "What is it? Tell me."

Signor Turchi bowed his head with affected embarrassment.

"Impossible, miss; it is a secret that does not belong to me," he murmured.

"Then you deny me this consolation?" broke in the young girl with despair.

"Come, Simone, speak out," put in Van den Werve. "What is the use of making us all joyful and rousing our curiosity only to sadden us again by your reticence? Mention no names if need be, but let us at least get a glimpse of the thing, that we may see how much room remains for hope."

Signor Turchi shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, signor," interposed the venerable Deodati, reproachfully, "this isn't generous on your part. You were on the point of telling me the secret at the Exchange, when several merchants were unfortunate enough to interrupt you. Tell it me now."

Turchi threw a side glance at the young girl, as if to say her presence hindered him from complying with the old man's wish.

"Return to your duenna, my dear child," said Van den Werve. "This excitement is too much for you; you will be ill if you are not very careful. If I learn anything of interest to you I will come to you at once."

The young girl rose quietly and shot a reproachful look at Turchi.

"Do not accuse me, good Maria," said the latter in supplicating tones, "for I am doing this out of affection for Geronimo and you."

Without replying to this excuse, Maria kissed her hand sadly to her father, and walked slowly from the apartment.

"Well," said Van den Werve then, "out with this secret, Turchi."

"My embarrassment is great," returned Turchi, shaking his head with a doubtful air; "it was my intention to speak with Signor Deodati alone about this affair. Perhaps it would be indiscreet in me to take Lord Van den Werve into my confidence also."

"No, no; for the love of God stop this superfluous *detour*!" exclaimed Deodati impatiently, and very excited. "Why not let Lord Van den Werve know it, too, since it may put us on the right track?"

"Well, I see I am forced into it!" said Turchi, with a sigh. "Come nearer, both of you, and listen."

Deodati and Van den Werve drew their chairs closer, and Simone began in a low tone, as if fearing he might be overheard by eavesdroppers:

"You must have noticed Geronimo's agitation and uneasiness of late, Lord Van den Werve? No matter where he was, whether in joyful company or not, his thoughts seemed to be far from him; in one word, some great care worried him apparently."

"I did notice a peculiar change in him," replied Van den Werve.

"And you, Signor Deodati?" continued Simone.

"I also. But what do you refer to?"

"I questioned Geronimo about a month ago as to the cause of his melancholy disposition, when he told me in vague terms that he had lost quite a large sum at play."

"At play?" repeated Van den Werve, stupefied. "Geronimo was a gambler, then?" broke in Deodati, indignantly.

"Gambling is all the vogue in Antwerp," pursued Simone Turchi. "Yet I had never been aware that my friend Geronimo had fallen into the fatal habit. I could not persuade him to tell me the name of the party who had won the money, nor would he give me the faintest idea how large the sum was he had lost. His depression and uneasiness foretold this unhappy event. He trembled at the contemplation of his uncle's arrival, for he knew the latter would not fail to discover the deficit in his money-drawer. I offered to advance him sufficient money to cover up this gap, but he refused most positively to accept it, for the idea of practicing such a deception on his uncle frightened him more than his probable anger."

This disclosure had overpowered old Deodati with stupor and grief. Nothing could wound the honorable and scrupulous gentleman more than the thought that Geronimo had been frivolous and ungrateful enough to risk the funds of his commercial house at play.

Trembling with emotion, he asked:

"You do not know how large a sum he lost?"

"No, signor; perhaps the books will give you the answer to this enigma."

A short silence ensued. Van den Werve kept his eyes on the floor. Signor Deodati passed his hand across his brow and became immersed in painful reflections. Turchi was too shrewd a schemer not to allow this disclosure ample time to work thoroughly on their minds; he looked questioningly at both alternately, trying to read their thoughts, then said to Deodati finally:

"You do not stop to view the good side of the affair, but keep your thoughts wholly on the bad one. It has an excellent side, signor, else you would never have heard the secret, which, but for this circumstance, I would have carried with me to the grave. Do you know what I believe now—what occurred to me last night?"

The two old gentlemen looked at him wonderingly.

"I believe Geronimo has fled in order to avoid his uncle's anger."

"Impossible!" cried Van den Werve.

"Impossible?" repeated Turchi. "He would have gone sooner had I not impressed him with the hope of his uncle's forgiveness. Even the day of your arrival, Signor Deodati, Geronimo approached me in the dockyard, and begged me, in an excited manner, to find him an English vessel sailing on the morrow or the day after. This was to be done with the greatest secrecy possible. Of course I fought against this insane plan with all my might, and took good care not to part with him until he had promised to think of it no longer."

"And was it so easy for him to leave my daughter?" murmured Van den Werve. "Was his love for her hypocritical? No, no, nothing can make me believe that!"

"His love was sincere," replied Turchi; "but he imagined the knowledge of his fault would be the cause of a separation from the one who was to share his life ——. But how crestfallen both of you are," he went on. "My disclosure should make you happy. Isn't it better to be able to believe that Geronimo lives instead of having met with death at an assassin's hands?"

"My friends, I must leave you," said Deodati, rising; "my head is turned; I feel weak. Besides, I am in a hurry to discover the deficit which Signor Turchi's painful revelation alludes to. I beg you will not detain me. Adieu! may God protect you!"

Simone Turchi proposed to accompany the old man home; but while they were exchanging a few words on the subject of Geronimo's departure, Van Schoonhoven the bailiff entered abruptly, saying by way of salutation:

"Gentlemen, I have news."

Turchi trembled and turned pale. But the other two were too much engrossed by the bailiff's words and their own emotion to pay attention to him.

"In Heaven's name, be calm, gentlemen, and do not expect too much," resumed the bailiff, on seeing how his announcement had excited his hearers. "I am still in ignorance of Geronimo's fate, but I have reasons for hoping we will find him soon; at all events we are on his track. It has been ascertained to a certainty that on the day of his disappearance he was seen beyond Meir square, towards five o'clock in the afternoon. A monk of the Dominican convent, who knows him well, greeted him by name, and noticed he went in the direction of the Archers' Park. One of our most adroit agents followed up this clue, and discovered that a banker had been seen passing through the Jewish quarter in the direction of the hospital meadows. I know no more; but this information points out the course I have to pursue. I intend to assemble all my agents to-morrow morning, and direct them to visit every house and cellar in a certain portion of the city. They shall not leave a corner unexplored, and push their search as fast as circumstances will allow."

Simone Turchi had raised his hands to his face in order to conceal the fright that had suddenly distorted his features and made his heart beat violently. Surprised to see this strange emotion, the bailiff asked:

"What is there in my words to cause you such agitation, Signor Turchi?"

"Oh, you torture me horribly," returned Turchi in a plaintive voice. "I expected to hear you say my poor friend had been saved. And what do you promise after all—the recovery of his corpse?"

"I do not want to deceive you. Yes, I expect to find his corpse only. According to my ideas, he has fallen under the knife of an assassin in some deserted street in the Jewish quarter, or in one of the dismal alleys of St. George's or St. Andre's parish. However, I shall find him, dead or alive, should I have to grind the walls of the cellars to powder and have all the gardens searched six feet under ground. The whole city is up in arms over this occurrence; the people are crying and casting insults at the magistrates of Antwerp, as though we were accomplices in the crime. We shall have light thrown upon this affair, or I'll lose my honor and name!"

"I thank you for your zeal and solicitude," stammered Turchi. "May God guide your steps. Find Geronimo alive and in health, and our blessings will attend you to the tomb, and beyond it, if possible."

"There is but little hope, signor; but little hope; but everything is possible," mumbled the bailiff, shaking his head.

"Honored sir," interposed Deodati, taking Van Schoonhoven's hand, "accept my gratitude. I beg you will pardon me for leaving your honorable society, but I am unwell and must return to my home. May God protect you, signor!"

"And you are going, too, Signor Turchi?" queried the bailiff.

Simone gave the bailiff to understand by a wink that he could not allow the old man to depart alone, and offering his arm to Deodati, he conducted his tottering steps from Van den Werve's doors, while the latter followed them out of sight with his eyes, admiring and secretly applauding Simone's kindness and thoughtful attention towards the old Italian nobleman.

CHAPTER VIII.

Shortly after having accompanied Deodati to his home Simone Turchi was in his own house near the Vineyard bridge. He must have been in a terrible state of mind, for he quitted the room on the first floor, which he occupied then, descended to his office, pretended to search for some papers there, ascended again, paced up and down the room, opened the window, looked out into the street in all directions, closed it again ill-humoredly, and muttered finally, stamping the floor angrily:

"The cursed gambler! he is in some tavern, drinking, throwing dice, amusing himself, while I am standing here on the burning coals and ready to succumb to fear. Julio, Julio, if I succeed in escaping the fate that threatens me, how I shall avenge myself on you for your ingratitude!"

He went to the window once more and looked out, then heaved a painful sigh, threw himself into a chair and stared at the floor a long while without moving or uttering a syllable.

"Alas, alas!" he said to himself finally, in a tone of despair, "is it true that this crime cannot remain hidden? Who put this Dominican monk in Geronimo's path? Oh, ill-luck, ill-luck! it will set the bailiff on the right scent if I don't have my eyes about me. What put that banker in Geronimo's way to lead the officers of the law to my very garden? Chance! But chance is blind, and doesn't do things so knowingly! It would be awful if it were God himself leading Justice by the hand. If He is preparing an ignominious death for me, all hope, every effort to escape will be in vain!"

These thoughts weighed Simone down. His head sank upon his bosom, his frame quivered convulsively, and at intervals a harrowing sigh sprang from his lips. A horrible vision darted up before him in confusion; he saw a scaffold looming in the air and the executioner raising his glittering blade; he heard the people clamoring for vengeance and invoking eternal infamy on his family. A nervous shudder shook the murderer from head to foot, and he gave vent to a cry of agony, as if a mysterious blow had struck him. He thrust his hand into his doublet and slowly drew out an object which he contemplated with a shiver of disgust and horror. It was a little vial half-filled with a yellowish liquid.

"Deadly poison!" he muttered. "Whoever has the courage to take a few drops of it falls into a gentle sleep and never awakes. This would be my only refuge from the disgrace of the scaffold. Instead of wealth and happiness, a vile death would be the price of my crime. Oh, no, no; away with these frightful thoughts!"

He concealed the vial in his doublet again, and went on with his reflections; but he triumphed finally over the depression in a certain measure, and raised his head with less despair, but apparently with as much mental pain, and said dreamily:

"Everything was getting on so well! I had recovered my note. This gain of ten thousand crowns would have permitted me to hide the bad state of my affairs long enough. Maria did not appear entirely indifferent to me, and I was sure to win in the end. Riches and power would have all come back to me. Why must the people cry down the magistrates because of Geronimo's disappearance? Alas! alas! Much more surprising things have occurred without the cursed meddling of the bailiff. It's this public agitation that incites the bailiff to make such extraordinary efforts to discover what has become of Geronimo; it will be the cause of my misfortune. Can there really be a mysterious reason for this unusual excitement among the people? Will my attempts to escape be fruitless? Can it be God himself pursuing me?"

The return of these thoughts struck Simone Turchi with fresh terror. He buried his head in his hands, and rocked his body to and fro.

On a sudden he sprang to his feet, and resumed, his lips pinched by an ominous smile:

"Ah! the spur of fatality gives courage to the most cowardly. Get behind me, oh, vain terror! I must fight to the bitter end. The bailiff is looking for a corpse; he pledges his honor to find it. Well, let him do it!—but if he finds it, it won't be here, but in a sewer, in some ditch or hole. Aha! fear blinded me! I see my way out. If Julio would only come, or if I only knew where the rascal were playing dice, I would send Bernardo after him."

He went to the window again, and looked into the street.

"There is the lounger coming now," he muttered. "Look at him; he seems to be counting his steps as if nothing weighed on his conscience. He is callous to everything except his passion for gambling. Little does he care for the loss of my honor or life; he hates me and despises me since Geronimo's death. I'll pretend I am in a towering rage, so as to hide this agonizing suspense. If I betray my fear, there will be no end to his insolence."

So soon as Julio came within ear-shot Simone endeavored to draw his attention by angry gestures and signs, which he kept up until the servant reached the door of the house. Then Simone Turchi closed the window and returned towards the entrance of the room, with his face worked up to a perfect imitation of true rage. Julio entered. A faint and ironical smile appeared on his lips when he saw his master on his feet with folded arms and threatening countenance.

"Miserable scapegrace," roared Simone, shutting the door, "didn't I command you to come here and wait for me after 'Change? Take care; you are a heavy burden on my shoulders, and I do not require much incentive to chastise you as you deserve! Do not laugh, or I'll crush you with my heel!"

"Come, now, signor," replied Julio, "why do you give way to all this anger? The Exchange hasn't been closed many hours, so it's your own fault if you have waited long."

"You have been lounging in the taverns, gambling, drinking, carousing, which you have been doing for the past fortnight. Am I not right?"

"I don't deny it—I couldn't stand my thirst, so I drivked in. But you must lay the blame on the example of Our Lady if I am late. Now, signor, be kind enough to calm yourself; you know your rage can't move me. It would be much more profitable were you to tell me what you want. Time is too precious to waste on idle words. I left some friends in order to come to you; so make haste, as I want to join them again. No, you needn't threaten me with your fist; I'm not in the least afraid of it or your anger."

The servant's disrespectful language wounded Turchi deeply. But he prevailed on himself to swallow the bitter pill, and resolved to adopt a more pacific course, since he perceived that violence could not further his purpose. The expression of his face changed suddenly from a scowl of feigned rage to a placid smile and true *crocodile* tears filled his eyes.

He took a seat, making a guttural noise intended for an oppressive sigh, and said:

"Forgive me for my harshness, dear Julio; impatience dictated it to me. It is too soon to carry out my present plan yet; so I was wrong in complaining of your long absence."

The servant, surprised at such humble language, looked at his master mistrustfully.

"Does danger threaten us again?" he queried, with some alarm in his voice.

Turchi took his hand in his own.

"Alas, Julio," he returned in a whining tone, "perhaps both of us will be loaded with irons, and thrown into a dungeon to await the most ignominious of deaths."

"Isn't it fear, signor, that fills your head with such thoughts?" questioned Julio, waxing pale.

"No, indeed! but a horrible piece of news. It is known that Geronimo was seen in the neighborhood of the Archers' Park on the day of his disappearance. He was seen in the Jewish quarters also, going in the direction of the hospital meadows. The bailiff has determined to have every cellar in that quarter visited to-morrow. Even the soil will be upturned, if need be. Do you hear, man? do you understand? The houses and grounds in the vicinity of my Summer-residence are to be visited. I do not believe that mine will be exempted from this perquisition, for circumstances will admit of no exceptions. We will be discovered, Julio. The agents will discover the disturbance of the ground in the cellar. You pushed Geronimo into the arm-chair; you buried his body; consequently you will follow me to the scaffold, unless you are broken on the wheel or swung to the gibbet, which is more likely, as servants are allowed this delightful preference. Don't you think this news is terrible enough to bring you face to face with the visage of grim death, or the peril of your situation?"

"And how do you know all this?" questioned the disconcerted servant.

"Through the bailiff himself."

"From his own lips?"

"Exactly so, my friend. You may be courageous, apparently unconcerned, but I wager the thought of the ghastly gibbet is no more a treat for you than for me!"

"The Devil!" rejoined Julio, clutching his own throat as if he already felt the pressure of the noose there, "this is grave news. My throat is tightening—the rope seems to be strangling me even now. All this is your fault, signor. Why were you mad enough to put your own friend to death? Didn't I tell you such a barbarous crime would be found out?"

"It was a just vengeance, Julio, and not a barbarous crime, as it suits you to call it. But the thing is done and cannot be undone. Lamentations and groans will not help us a particle, nor relieve us of our embarrassment!"

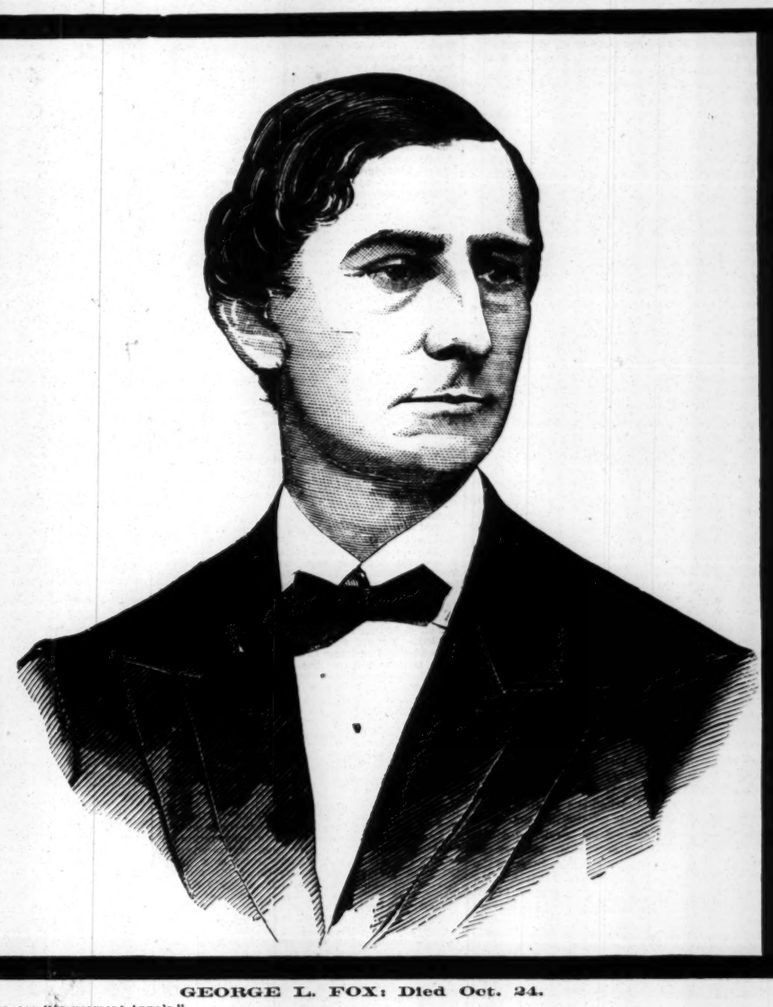
"Then we can't get out of this snarl, signor? Must both of us dangle in the air? Is there really no way out?" asked the thoroughly frightened servant.

"We have an alternative—an easy one—a sure one!"

"Then let us snatch at it!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

WILLIAM H. PASTOR: Died Oct. 23.



GEORGE L. FOX: Died Oct. 24.

For Biographical Sketches, see "Amusement Annals."

IN MEMORIAM.

William H. Pastor, Died Oct. 23, 1877.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

O Death's beloved and bright array,
Which swells yet fast and faster,
Take up the pen and add, to-day,
The name of Billy Pastor:
A name familiar to our ears,
And one that we shall cherish
Through all the scenes of future years,
Till memory shall perish.

The struggles of his earlier days,
Which time at last rewarded,
His love of right, his manly ways—
Let these things be recorded.

He held above all price his name,
And looked on men as brothers;
He never sought to rise to fame
By trampling over others.

This old, old mystery of death—
This something grim, or certain—
Has chilled forever life's warm breath;
And so, ring down the curtain.

It falls upon a generous heart,
A nature warm and genial,
A man who never played a part
Unworthy, low or menial.

It falls—but what is there behind?
In Heaven's theatre vaster,
The Manager, I think, will find
A place for Billy Pastor!

JIM'S MARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN CHRISTOPHER.

"Say, Jim, where did you get that horse?"

"It aint a horse—it's a mare," replied Jim.

"Well, the mare then?" persisted Jim's friend in a tone insinuating that Jim was rather sharp.

"Bought her," was Jim's answer.

Jim's friend digested this piece of information, as he examined the mare with the air of a profound judge of horse-flesh. After a careful scrutiny he observed in a careless way:

"I guess you got her for half nothing?"

"Well, yes," said Jim, as he gazed on the protruding bones of the mare; "I *did* get her sort of low. The man that owned her didn't like her ways, and he got kind of mad with her, so he sold her to me; but I tell you she's a terror to go—on a short stretch she could beat some of your crack racers hollow."

Jim's friend did not question this, because he set it down as a piece of customary exaggeration. Jim saw that his friend had little confidence in the speed of the mare, and he repeated that she could beat some of the crack racers."

"Give us a breeze then.

"Well," said Jim as he got into the buggy, "to settle the matter jump in, and we'll drive out to the 'Woodbine,' it's only about four miles, and I'll show you what she can do. I'll bet you'll say that there's some metal in her when we get there."

Jim's friend jumped into the buggy, and they drove down the street at a brisk pace. Soon they were driving over the dusty country roads. As they approached a tavern Jim's friend proposed to have a drink. They got out at the tavern, and told one of the hostlers that were lounging about to give the mare some water, and men and beast were alike refreshed, and off again they started. A short distance from the tavern Jim leaped out to secure an axe which he saw lying on the road.

"That axe belongs to the fellow that passed us with the empty wood-rack," remarked Jim's friend.

Jim thought he was not likely to see the axe again. They had hardly started when the teamster was discerned coming back to look for his axe. The people at the tavern told him that the parties ahead had picked something up. The teamster started his team after the fast-receding buggy, with a slight chance of overtaking it. Now, Jim's mare had a surprising peculiarity—while going at a fast trot she would suddenly stand still, with a settled determination not to be moved by the most urgent "G'lang!" or persuasive crack of the whip; and, when the driver would be in despair, as suddenly would she start. They were about half a mile ahead of the teamster, when, without warning, the mare came to a halt. Neither the strategy of Jim and his friend nor the free application of the whip could move the mare an inch. The teamster was coming up, and, seeing the buggy at a stop, he, thinking they had stopped to give up the axe, brought his team to a walk, and was within speaking-distance of the buggy when the mare started. The teamster thought Jim was fooling him, but, unwilling to lose the axe, he continued the chase. Again the mare stopped, only to start when the teamster was close at hand. Once more the buggy was still, only to disappoint the wrathful teamster. Turning back he gave up the hopeless chase. Jim and his friend came back to town late in the evening. Jim's friend, in answer to Jim's inquiry of "What he thought of the mare?" said: "If I owned that mare I'd just sell her to a circus for a clown's mule."

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

When you see a young man sitting in a parlor with the ugliest six-year-old boy that ever frightened himself in the mirror, clambering over his knees, jerking his white tie out of knot, mussing his white vest, kicking his shins, feeling in all his pockets for nickels, bombarding him from time to time with various bits of light furniture, and *bijouterie*, calling him names at the top of his fiendish lungs, and yelling incessantly for him to come out in the yard and play, while the unresisting victim smiles all the time like the cover of a comic almanac, you may safely bet, although there isn't the sign of a girl apparent in a radius of 10,000 miles, you can bet your bottom dollar that howling boy has a sister who is primping in a room not twenty feet away, and that the young man doesn't come there just for the fun of playing with her brother.

They were very pretty, and there was apparently five or six years' difference in their ages. As the train pulled up at Bussey, out on the A. K. and D., the young girl blushed, flattened her nose nervously against the window, and drew back in joyous smiles as a young man came dashing up to the car, shook hands tenderly and cordially, insisted on carrying her valise, magazine, little paper bundle, and would probably have carried her had she permitted him. The passengers smiled as she left the car, and the murmur went through through the coach: "They're engaged." The other girl sat looking nervously out of the window, and once or twice gathered her parcels together as though she would leave the car, yet seemed to be expecting someone. At last he hurried in, looked into the car, saw his fire, looked along the seats until his manly gaze fell on her upturned, expectant face, roared: "Come on! I've been waiting for you on the platform for fifteen minutes!" grabbed her basket and strode out of the car, while she followed with a little valise, a handbox, a paper bag full of lunch, a bird-case, a glass jar of jelly preserves, and an extra shawl. And a crusty looking old bachelor in the farther end of the car creaked out, in unison with the indignant looks of the passengers: "They're married!"—*Hawkeye*.

EDDIE'S FIRST TROWSERS.

Trowsers make an era in any boy's life. There went out of my house one afternoon a chubby little fellow less than four years old, wearing a child's frock. I remember distinctly that frock of soft white cloth, with pretty blue trimmings. It was Eddie going to the city. In two or three hours he came back. My! What a change! Up the front-entry stairs he came, looking like a Dutch captain cut short, with blue jacket and trowsers on (real ones), and in his hand was an American flag waving.

That night he couldn't sit in his high chair at the table. He was too big a boy. The high chair might do for Peetins (a name from the Chinese or Choctow or Hottentot, given to the baby by her young sister), but a boy in trowsers must have a chair like other folks.

I really think he felt the change to trowsers was so marvelous an event that others would think the boy in trowsers might go back to something else by morning, like ice-cream that, left in the kitchen over night, goes back to the sweet milky stuff on the morrow. So in the morning, when Uncle John came down stairs, Eddie cries out: "Here I am, just the same." There was one change, and a hopeful one, a change of purpose. "I am not going to 'ky' in my trowsis; I am too big a boy to 'ky,'" was the word for the future.

Unfailing sources of interest were the pockets. Oh, those pockets! As a fat fist was plunged into one it was pronounced a "werry deep pocket." "Feel in them! See if they a'nt deep!" was the challenge. As we walked down street one morning he cried: "I have got to put my hands in my pockets. There's Mr. Dean wid his hands in his pockets!" So the two men went "wid hands in their pockets."

I left Eddie just now sleeping on the back-parlor sofa, a hand resting on his plump chin, and one fat leg thrown over the other. If I should put him while asleep in his frock again, it would mortify him dreadfully on waking. But when I think that jacket and trowsers signify that he is growing older, and I shall soon lose my chubby boy, I sigh for the little white frock with the blue trimmings, and have great mind some day to put that frock on him again.

INDIANS are not at all contagious. They are very difficult to catch.

WELL SUPPLIED.—An old peruser in Mobile writes that, not long since, a well dressed negro applied to the Judge of Probate for a marriage-license. He was asked how old his intended was, and answered, with great animation: "Just sixteen, Judge—sweet sixteen, and de handsomest girl in town." The Judge said he could not do it, as the law forbade him to issue license to anyone under eighteen. "Well, hold on, Judge," exclaimed the man. "I know dat dem girls am deceitful, and lie about deir age. She is nineteen, if a day." "Will you swear to it?" asked the Judge. "Yes, sah," he replied, and did. "And how old are you?" said the Judge. The chap looked suspicious, and replied cautiously: "Thirty-five;" and added, "if dat won't do, Judge, *I've got more back*."

A FRUIT-DEALER'S sign: "Pinch me—don't pinch my fruit." Yes; but would he want to have a man bite him if he found a soft spot.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

THOS. WILLIAMS, Marshall.—1. Tom Allen fought Mike McCoole twice—the first time at Foster's Island, near St. Louis, Mo., June 25, 1869, and again at Chotean Island Sept. 23, 1873. He was "euchred" out of the former, the referee deciding in Mac's favor on an unfounded claim of foul, and the second battle was won by him in twenty minutes, seven rounds being contested. 2. During his residence in this country Allen fought Bill Davis, Charley Gallagher, Ben Hogan and Joe Goss. He was matched to fight McCoole in the Fall of 1869, but the match fell through owing to non-agreement upon a final stakeholder.

DRAW POKER, Binghamton.—There is no settled practice, for a straight of any kind is not legitimate poker. There has been an attempt to establish the rule that ace counts both ways in a straight flush, and that therefore a two-six flush is the lowest that can be held, and an ace-five will beat a king-nine. But this is opposed to common sense. While it is well enough for the ace to outrank the king in one straight and be lower than the deuce in another, it should not be allowed to do such *three things in one hand.*

C. P. L., and B. A. R., St. Johnsville.—The moment the Mohawks whippers. As he did not do this, but positively refused to play, the umpire should have declared the game forfeited to Piper Heidsieck and Wm. H. Higgins to run a dash of one mile, each carrying 110lb, for $500 a side, on the last day of the meeting. Each party deposited a check for his portion of the stakes in the hands of Mr. Charles Wheatley, the secretary of the American Jockey Club, who took the precaution, on the day previous to the race, to have the checks certified by the respective banks on which they were drawn, so that he might be satisfied that the match was a *bona-fide* one. All was apparently straightforward and regular, and the race was run. But the owners of the horses had privately come to a mutual understanding as to which horse was to win, and the money scooped in by backing the agreed-upon winner was to be equally divided. The owner of Piper Heidsieck telegraphed from Jerome Park to Kelly & Bliss' pool-rooms at Hoboken, on the day of the race, instructing them to back, on his account, Piper Heidsieck for the sum of $1,000, to be invested at any odds. This heavy commission made his horse a big favorite, and from even money brought him to $100 to $25; and even at these tempting odds the whole of the money could not be got on, for the wary speculators at once suspected that there was a "nigger in the fence" from the anxiety to back Heidsieck at any price. The race was run, but at the last moment the owner of Higgins broke faith with his confederate in the race, and, instead of losing the race, as had been previously arranged, he instructed the rider of his horse to win it, which he did. The owner of Piper Heidsieck, disgusted with the bad faith of his fellow-conspirator, now refuses to pay for the pools he had ordered Kelly and Bliss to purchase on his account, and has also served notice on the secretary of the American Jockey Club, as the stakeholder in the match, of legal suit to recover his portion of the stakes deposited in his hands.

IT IS A RARE THING to find a good word spoken for the stage by the clergy, and we welcome it as one of the indications of a truer Christian spirit that a minister in the interior of this State recently declared that he was convinced that "a man need not necessarily lose his soul because he follows the stage as a profession." This is certainly encouraging. The reverend gentleman was not prepared to say that any actor had ever yet inherited the Kingdom of Heaven, but he had stretched his liberality to the point of confessing that such an event might take place. The insignificant considerations of an upright life, a spotless character and a clear conscience did not strike him as worthy of any serious attention; the one great fact to be kept in mind was the profession which a man followed—providing always that profession happened to be the actor's. Otherwise, of course, it was not to enter into the calculations of salvation. A man would not be condemned because of being a doctor, lawyer, merchant, or priest; but if his buttons do run down to an actor, then his vocation is a mighty curse. Still the rural clergyman admits that there is a possibility of his escaping the wrath to come. Let us be thankful for even this. Neither the justice of the argument nor the soundness of the reasoning may make it self-apparent; but we must not be too exactin It is a great deal to be assured that the stage does not "necessarily" condemn a man's soul.

THOSE GENTLEMEN who pinned their faith on Ten Brocck and Tom Ochiltree in Baltimore on the day of the great race were not put on the *pay-roll* on that occasion, although they were made paymasters.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Oct. 22: Travel in Vermont was interrupted by a railroad war.....Senator Blaine was taken suddenly ill at Washington, D. C.....Gen. Sherman returned from his four months' visit to the Indian country.....The Brooklyn, N. Y., Democrats nominated James Howell for Mayor.....J. C. Baldwin, the Port Jervis murderer, was arrested in Paterson, N. J.....At Reading, Pa., Samuel Humphries and Edmund Smith, ex-Pleaded guilty of burning the Lebanon Valley Railroad bridge, were sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay $1,000 fine.....Highwaymen attempted to rob E. W. Corning, who was walking through the streets of Albany, N. Y., with a box containing several thousand dollars, but they were overpowered.....City news: Robert Miles fell dead on Mott street; William Merritt brutally attacked George C. Stoughton, superintendent of the Children's Aid Society, felling him with an Indian club; Kate Whelan fired two shots at Cornelius McSwiney on Canal street, one of which passed through his hat; a meeting of prominent men who favor the Constitutional Amendments with regard to franchise was held at Steinway Hall; the striking cigar-makers established a storehouse for the which the needy may draw supplies; a ship-load of Mormons arrived from Liverpool; the body of an unknown girl was found floating in the East River.....Two Mississippi River, near St. Louis, Mo., by a steamer, and a woman and three children were drowned.....By cable: Reports came of the surrender of 18,000 Turks in Armenia; an explosion occurred in the High Blantyre Colliery, near Glasgow, by which 200 miners were said to have been killed.....A train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad was thrown from the track near Noble, Ill., but the passengers escaped uninjured. A fall had been torn up by wreckers.....Fire: The business portion of the city of Madison, N. J.—loss $25,000; several buildings at Alliance, O.—loss $10,000; the losses to the insurance companies by the fire in Portland, N. B., were found to be $53,000—coverage, but a small proportion of the property destroyed.

*** Oct. 23: The official vote in Ohio showed Bishop's majority over West to be 22,680.....Patrick McLaughlin, a Jersey City, N. J., truckman, was crushed to death under the wheels of his truck.....John Butterworth, the trial at Lawrence, Mass., for the murder of his wife, was found guilty of manslaughter.....In Worcester, Mass., Alvin Baker was sentenced to imprisonment for life for an assault with intent to kill.....A collision on the Boston and Albany Railroad at Athol, Mass., wrecked a number of cars.....Joseph A. Ryan was convicted at Baldimore, Md., of passing counterfeit five-cent pieces. Two years in prison may bring Joseph to his five senses.....City news: A run on the Union Dime Savings-bank relieved the institution of $20,000 worth of dimes; George W. McGlynn resigned as Tammany candidate for Senator; application was made for a struck jury in the Connolly case; the Committee of Fifty on constitutional amendments was announced; the men charged with disturbing the Steinway Hall meeting were arraigned before Justice Murray; a witness accused him of theft; the Bolton strikers returned to work; the American masons in London telegraphed to this city that no more men were wanted; the Bank of New Orleans, with a reported circulation of 1,500,000 francs, has failed.....Fires: The Centennial Hotel at South Erie, Pa.—loss $3,000; the Lincoln Iron Foundry at Washington, Mass.—loss $25,000; three houses at Breslau, L. I.—loss $7,000; a fire in the office of the Commissioner of Public Works, City Hall, this city, did damage to the extent of $1,000.

*** Oct. 27: Lewis Myers, ex-treasurer of Augustaize County, O., was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for embezzlement.....Joseph Koerner, who shot Clarence Somersall at Newark, N. J., was admitted to $5,000 bail.....William Cavanagh, for assaulting Mrs. Bollinger, was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment at Newark, N. J.....E. E. McVey, a tollgate-keeper on the Circleville pike, near Circleville, O., was murdered, together with his wife, by some unknown person.....It was discovered that the late treasurer of the North Binghamton Bank, Mass., was a defaulter to the amount of $80,000.....Samuel Dill, his wife, daughter, and grandchild, living near Walden, N. Y., were poisoned by the water in a well.....City news: Ex-Gov. Tilden was serenaded, and made a speech; the Coaching Club held a meeting; the total registration of the city was 143,375; the Tainter explained his explanation of Tweed's manner of doing business; McDonald of the Bloomingdale Asylum appeared at the Tombs to answer to a charge of assault and battery; 25,000 persons are said to be engaged in the cigar-makers' strike; Charles Safler was committed for trial in $50 counter-bonds—a Safler should counterfeit a C, if anything.....Patrick Welsh was fatally burned by a ladle full of molten iron in the Long Island City Foundry.....Two Boston women were arrested in Brooklyn, L. I., for stealing diamonds from their hostess.....By cable: Paris reports Ulysses Grant; the British Parliament was prorogued to Feb. 7; the American masons in London were threatened with prosecution for breach of contract; the Russians celebrated their recent victory.....The Labor-Greenback party turned out 10,000 torch-bearers at Pittston, Pa.—Fires: The brick building No. 113 Walker street, this city, was damaged to the extent of $10,000; two buildings at Morristown, N. J.—loss $6,000; Crandall's carpenter-shop and two other buildings at New London, Ct., were fired by incendiaries.....Attorney-general Fairchild ordered an appeal to be taken in the Lord bribery case.

*** Oct. 28: Benjamin F. Munzey was clubbed to death at Norwich Falls, Me., by Louisa Bowen, who says she mistook him for a burglar.....James Chary of this city fell from the steamer Plymouth Rock off Hoboken, N. J., and was drowned.....The body of an unknown man was found hanging to a tree in Greenwood Cemetery.....Michael Murray, a well-known politician of Baltimore, Md., had his throat cut by Edward Fig.....A collision between the steamers Clinton and Petaluma off the California coast resulted in the beaching of the Clinton and the loss of her engineer.....P. T. Barnum was nominated for the State Legislature at Bridgeport, Ct.....The body of an unknown man was found on the track of the North Hudson County Railroad, Hoboken, N. J., near City news: Robert S. Dale was attacked by four roughs on West Thirty-second street, receiving eight wounds from a knife; James Donovan stabbed a fellow-fireman named Johnson; Williams in the engine-room on Fulton street; the John-street Methodist Church celebrated its 109th anniversary; the body of Capt. Savage of the sloop Jane Netta was found in the river at the foot of West Eleventh street; Police Officers Kenny was attacked by a gang of negroes in Broome street and severely beaten .....George Reynolds while attending to Forsyth street was dangerously stabbed by an unknown person.....Jose Di Vita was murdered by another Italian named Palivna in Newark, N. J.....By cable: Access was obtained to the High Blantyre Colliery, and it was found that 200 miners had perished by the recent explosion; Gen. Grant was the lion of Paris.....Fires: A sawmill and planing-house in South Erie, Pa., which Mrs. McCullough perished; the Hancock woodenware factory at Jamestown, N. Y.—loss $15,000; Dodge's Mill, at Orland, Me.—loss $15,000; Dodge's steam mill, at Orland, Me.—loss, $6,000; the Draper tannery at South Attleboro, Mass.—loss, $6,000; the Episcopal Church at Flushing, L. I., took fire, but the flames were speedily extinguished.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALLARD, Gen. Neizir—A general in the French Army. When a mere boy he took part in the defence of Paris against the allies, and ten years later he was made a captain. During the Algerian campaigns he distinguished himself for his bravery, and subsequently he was engaged in the fortifications of Paris. He was the author of several works on military subjects—Paris, France

ANDERSON, Miss Louise—Actress. See "Amusement Annals."

ADAMS, Edwin—Actor. See "Drama."

BEEBE, William J.—A member of the firm of Beebe Brothers, tea merchants, this city. He was born in Mystic, Ct., removed to New York in 1835, and had been uninterruptedly engaged in business from that time until his death—this city, Oct. 22, aged 59.

BECKER, Ferdinand—A painter of renown in Germany. He was a pupil of the artist Steinle of Frankfort, and gave promise of becoming greater than his master. Among his best-known works is one entitled "Jews in the Temple," which has been highly praised—Mayence, Germany, Oct. 5, aged 31.

BOVY, Jean Francois Antoine—A distinguished engraver of medals at Geneva. He studied his art in Paris, and many of his works are well known to collectors—Geneva, Switzerland, Oct. 24, aged 83.

COLLINS, Alice—Wife of Howard S. Collins and sister of Rose Tenny Cook the authoress—Collinsville, Ct., Oct. 22.

DURHAM, Joseph—The eminent English sculptor. He early evinced a taste for art, and spent three years under the celebrated sculptor E. H. Bailly. The work which first brought him into prominence was his bust of Fanny Lind, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1848.

In 1855 he made a statue of Hermione for the house of the Queen, and a year later he was commissioned to make a statue of Hermione for the Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House. From out a large number of competitors, Mr. Durham's design was selected for the work, and he executed the great Exhibition of 1851. It was originally intended to crown this work with a statue of Queen Victoria, but Prince Albert dying at the time, his statue was substituted for that of Her Majesty's. Mr. Durham's other well-known works are "Paul and Virginia," "Fate of Genius," "Chastity," "Go to Sleep," "Sunshine," and "The Lady of the Lake." He was elected A. R. A. in 1866—London, Oct. 28, aged 56.

DUBOCHET, M.—Founder of *The Comptoir des Comptes*—Paris, France, Oct. 23.

FORBES, Abner—For many years a teacher in the public schools of Boston, Mass. He was a graduate of Williams College, and in his early years a private tutor in the families of Gen. Sumner, Gov. Eustis, and Senator Talbot of Kentucky. After teaching at Rochester he went to Boston, where, in 1833, he took charge of the Smith school for colored children, which he raised to a high standard. He was an earnest abolitionist, and one of the thirteen men who started the anti-slavery movement—Conway, Mass., Oct. 26, aged 87.

FOX, R. Nelson—Formerly president of a college in Texas, and for a number of years the principal of a classical school in Richmond, Va. He was a thorough scholar and an eloquent speaker—Hanover County, Va., Oct. 19, aged 65.

FOX, George L.—See "Amusement Annals."

HEALEY, J. R.—Actor. See "Amusement Annals."

JOHNSON, Ralph—A prominent citizen of Norwich, N. Y. He was formerly the publisher of *The Norwich Union* and a trustee of Madison University—Norwich, N. Y., Oct. 23, aged 75.

LKERE, Jeannie—An old and respected citizen of Herkimer County, this State, where he had resided for many years—Little Falls, N. Y., Oct. 19, aged 85.

MUNSEY, Rev. W. E.—An eminent divine of the Southern Methodist Church—Jonesboro, Tenn., Oct. 23.

MEAD, Edward N.—Formerly rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Sing Sing, N. Y., and subsequently rector of St. Mary's Church in the town of Ossining. He had traveled extensively in Europe, and was a man of ripe culture and spotless character—Sing Sing, N. Y., Oct. 23, aged 75.

MCLAUGHLIN, John G.—Register of the Thirteenth Ward of Baltimore, Md.—there, Oct. 27.

OSBORN, Minott Augur—The well-known editor of *The New Haven* (Ct.) *Register*, and the oldest journalist in Connecticut. He learned the printer's trade in *The Register* office, and became one of its editors and owners in 1834. Three years later he was made editor-in-chief, which position he held up to the time of his death. He was an active member of the Democratic party, and at one time collector of the Port of New Haven. He was elected also to various city offices, and in his earlier days was prominent as a militia officer. His reputation as a writer was due largely to his pungent paragraphs—New Haven, Ct., Oct. 24, aged 65.

POMARE, Ainata—Queen of the Society Islands. She was the wife of Pomare II, who died in 1821. When the French took possession of Tahiti, in 1843, the Queen escaped to the neighboring islands, but three years afterwards she was restored to authority, and all her dominions were placed under the protection of France. Pomare is the surname of the reigning family. Ainata's oldest son, Arxane, succeeds to the throne. The Queen died of heart disease—Tahiti, Society Islands, Sept. 17.

ROBBINS, William M.—A member of the firm of Adriance, Robbins & Co., drygoods merchants, this city. He had been at his place of business until 6 o'clock in the evening, and died shortly after reaching his home—Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 23, aged 59.

REEDER, George W.—A well-known resident of South Baltimore, and a member of the firm of Charles Reeder & Co., engineers and machinists—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 19, aged 53.

ROVER, Rev. John W.—A member of the Society of Jesus, and for a number of years Professor at Loyola College, Baltimore, Md.—Georgetown, D. C., Oct. 22.

ROSS, Hon. Sobieski—A former Member of Congress from Pennsylvania. He was elected in 1872 from the Eighteenth District, and re-elected in 1874. For some time past he had suffered from ill health, and this is supposed to have been the cause which led him to commit suicide—Coudersport, Pa., Oct. 24, aged 49.

TOWNSEND, Joseph L.—President of the Knickerbocker Fire-insurance Company of this city. He was a son of the late eminent lawyer John R. Townsend, and the youngest man ever elected to the office which he held—this city, Oct. 22, aged 42.

WOOD, Frederick—A former member of the firm of Wood Brothers, this city, and well known among the older merchants of the metropolis—Bridgeport, Ct., Oct. 21, aged 61.

WOODHOUSE, Robert—An old and respected citizen of Pittsburg, Pa.—there, Oct. 20, aged 90.

WHITE, William N.—A highly-respected citizen of Utica, N. Y., where he was engaged, in connection with his father, in the pottery business—there, Oct. 21, aged 35.

SCOTTISH-AMERICAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

Glorious Indian Summer weather and the anticipation of spirited competitions conduced to attract a more than usually good attendance to the grounds of the New York Athletic Club on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 24, rain having occasioned a postponement from the Saturday previous. The open events, which embraced nearly all upon the programme, had received liberal entries from other organizations, including several high-class men, the contests in each instance being quite excellent. The character of the meeting may be judged from the fact that in three of the contests the best records previously accomplished by amateurs in America were beaten, while in one of those instances the English record was eclipsed. The Harlem A. C. crack attained to the distinction of being the fastest amateur team by covering in unobjectionable style, a distance of one mile in the unparalleled time of 6 minutes 44½ seconds, which beats Griffith's time in England by three and a half seconds, and Armstrong's own previous record, made at the Manhattan A. C. sports, Waverly, N. J., last June (which after this performance we accept as correct), by four seconds; and not only this, but in the fine mile walk Armstrong displayed a great amount of "go," doing the last time 7 miles and about 960 yards, which we do not believe has ever been accomplished before or since. In the mile run, Ed. Merritt of the N. Y. A. C. made his first public effort at the distance, and, contrary to the opinion of those who were well acquainted with the powers of his able opponent, Richard Morgan, of the Caledonian A. C., secured a win, in which the pace was splitting the seconds to a fine degree. The competition for the whole distance, especially as he succeeded in lowering the English amateur record, and he will be heard from again. American record for the 3-mile run, who was quite taken aback by the New York Club man, has made overtures for a match against him, which, if it takes place, will prove who is really the superior runner. In the "Hundred" F. C. Saportas again asserted his supremacy, although in the final heat J. B. Elliott, a fast run from Long Island, pushed him a little, but not limit of speed, and finished but five inches behind. The time, 10¾sec., would seem to indicate that there was something left in the winner, but the stiff wind which the men had to face accounts for its comparative slowness. Quite evenly mated were the tug-of-war teams, but the exact strength was upon the side of Knickerbocker, whose four did not, however, win until nearly five minutes had elapsed. Return:

One hundred yards run—Heat 1: F. C. Saportas, N. Y. A. C., walked over. Time, 10¾sec. Heat 2: J. B. Elliott, Greenpoint, L. I., 1; H. W. Wilson, S. A. A. C., 2; W. Holden, Princeton Col. A. C., walked over. Time, 10¾sec. Heat 3: J. F. Dutcher, Knickerbocker A. C., 1; Elliott, 2; Duffield, 3. Final heat: Saportas and Elliott were level until within a dozen yards of home, when the champion made his effort and won by about five inches. Time, 10¾sec.

Mile walk—F. H. Armstrong Jr., H. A. C., 1; J. V. Wolcott, S. A. A. C., 2; W. Holden, 3; E. C. Holske, H. A. C., 0. Holske led for a short distance, when Wolcott, the A. C. 0. rifle burst, went by him, but couldn't hold the pace. Armstrong shooting past him, and, keeping up a cracking gait, terdieless, forcing his clubmate, Holske, to leave the track when half around the last circuit, and winning easily in Some disappointment was occasioned by the non-appearance of Thos. McEwen of the S. A. A. C., between whom and the winner a hard fight had been expected, but Mac trained from rushing his reputation.

Half-mile run—H. Griffin, S. A. A. C., 1; C. Rowland, S. A. A. C., 2; J. B. Hanna, S. A. A. C., 3. Three others started. Dittmar led for a short distance, when Rowland and Griffin in turn passed him, the latter winning by a yard. Time, 2m. 15⅘s.

Putting the shot—A. W. Adams, S. A. A. C., 37ft. 3½in.; 2, P. Conlee, N. Y. A. C., 33ft. 2½in. George Parmley, P. C. A. A., and two others also competed.

Eight-of-a-mile run (club handicap)—First heat: E. Arnold, 1; Elliott, 2. Time, 2m. 25⅘sec. Second heat: W. Dittmar Jr., 1; Moritz, 2. Third heat: A. W. Anderson, 25½sec. Fourth heat: H. H. Moritz, 25½sec. Final heat: Anderson (20yds. start), 24½sec.

Two-mile walk (club handicap)—W. Rowland (2½sec.), 1; Holske (scratch), 2; F. E. Leonardson (35), 0. Time, 14m. 41⅘s.

Running broad jump—W. Rowland (2½sec.), 1; Leonardson (3½), 2; F. E. Leonardson (3½), 0. Time, 9in.; J. M. Mann, Y. M. C. A., 1ft. 11in.

Quarter-mile run—First heat: W. C. Caspar, S. A. A. C., 58⅘s. Second heat: C. Rowland, 59¾s. Final heat: Caspar, 57⅘.

One hour's walk—F. H. Armstrong, H. A. C., 1; F. Buckley, S. A. A. C., 2; F. J. Mott, H. A. C., 3. The winner, who was in grand form and walked in unmistakably fair style in the unbroken time of 6 minutes 44½ seconds, which

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LETTERS for the following baseball players are now in our care: Mr. Gross and Mr. Mack of the St. Paul Red caps; Mr. Snigg, catcher of the Manchesters; and Larry Corcoran, catcher of the Buffalos.

AQUATIC.

THE HIGGINS-BOYD RACE.

The following particulars of the recent race for the championship of England between John Higgins and R. Watson Boyd are taken from *Bell's Life*: "The river, as far as the eye could measure, presented a perfect sea, and the supporters of Shadwell had not the slightest cause to be made to suffer for the Alleghenys blunder? Or is it a fair and legitimate excuse for a club to make to a champion-ship challenge that it is engaged to play with a club not entered for the championship? Yet this is the ground taken by the Alleghenys Club for reducing the Maple Leaf record to two games each club, and that is the only excuse it can offer for failing to meet the Leafs on the dates agreed upon. I leave it to an impartial public to determine which club is to blame for the failure to complete its series. The above instance is not the only one in which the Allegheny Club made its championship engagements secondary to its arrange-ments with clubs whether entered for the championship or belonging to the International Association. Twice it broke faith with the Tecumsehs to accept offers from out-side tribunes, to accommodate the Chicagos and a sec-ond time to enable it to hippodrome the country with the Stars and Indianapolis for a so-called "League Alliance Championship," which would have invariably attach the only stain on the character of an Inter-national club which the season has witnessed. It has been the pride and boast of Canadian clubs that they have always acted honorably and fulfilled their engagements honestly. No charge of "selling" a game or failing to meet an engagement once entered into has ever before been laid against that body, and we hope it never will. The Maple Leafs to not deserve to be taunted with lack of desire or inability to meet their engagements, at least by the Alleghenys, at whose hands not only they but other International clubs have been treated so badly. What the Maple Leafs claim, and are prepared to maintain, is that they fulfilled their obligations to the International as far as it was in their power to do, and any failure to complete them which have occurred are due to the bad faith and unjust treatment dealt out to them by their opponents. Yours, etc., CANADIAN.

SHORT STOPS.—On Oct. 24, at Amherst, Mass., the Am-herst University nine defeated the Sharps of Holyoke, 9 to 5..... Oct. 27, same place, Amherst vs. Clipper of East-hampton, 6 to 2; at Melrose, Mass., Alpha vs. Wakefield, 9 to 10..... The managers of St. Peter's Church, Boston, Mass., have offered for competition, by a vote, a $300 gold watch, to be given to the most popular base-ball player..... The Cincinnati Club were to have dis-banded for the season Oct. 29, Sullivan going home to Boston, Foley and Addy to Chicago, Meyerle to Philadelphia, and the rest of the nine will Winter in Portsmouth..... The Iowell Mass. Club will disband this week, the year's contract expiring Nov. 1..... A corre-pondent, writing from Auburn, N. Y., says: "A new man-agement is engaged in organizing a nine for 1878. It is proposed to guarantee salaries and board of players, but no extravagant compensation will be paid, and no young men of dissipated habits need make application. Mem-bers of the Chelsea, Hartford Amateur, Live Oak, Spring-field, O., Springfield, Ill., Janesville, Wis., Resolute of New Jersey, Erie, and other clubs are invited to address Base-ball Association, Lock-box 144, Auburn, N. Y. Parties so addressing will please send official record, if possible."..... The management of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Association have se-cured the following team for next season: Dolan, Galvin, Libby, 1st b.; Fulmer, 2d b.; Allen, 3d b.; Force, s. s.; Crowley, l. f.; McSorley, c. f.; Mcdonigle (Mack), r. f.; with Buschong and Fouser as a reserve. Dolan, Galvin and Fulmer are from the Alleghenies, Libby and Mack from the Fall Rivers. Allen from the Rhode Islands, Force from the St. Louis Browns, Crowley from the Louis-villes, McSorley from Indianapolis, and Buschong and Fouser of this year's nine. All except Fulmer have already signed, and there is little doubt that he will play with them. New and much larger grounds have been leased for three years and will be fitted up in first-class style. Heifer and Corcoran, who had signed to play there next year, were at their own request released. Whether Barnie will remain and manage the nine has not been definitely settled.

LETTERS for the following baseball players are now in our care: Mr. Gross and Mr. Mack of the St. Paul Red caps; Mr. Snigg, catcher of the Manchesters; and Larry Corcoran, catcher of the Buffalos.

BASEBALL.

BOSTON vs. CINCINNATI.

The season in the West was closed Oct. 27, by a game be-tween the Bostons and Cincinnatis, on the latter's grounds. It was a regular muffing contest, especially on the part of the local team, whose pitcher, Mitchell, did good work, but was miserably supported.

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CINCINN'TI.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b	5	2	3	4	3	Pike, 2d b...	4	1	1	3	1
Leonard, l. f	4	1	0	0	2	Mann'g'r, r. f	4	1	2	0	0
O'Rou'e, c. f., 1b	3	0	2	7	0	Jones, l. f...	3	0	2	2	1
White, 1b., c	5	1	2	6	0	Smith, c. f..	4	0	0	2	1
Sutton, s. s..	5	0	0	3	4	Meyerle, s. s	4	2	1	1	1
Bond, p....	5	1	0	0	3	Sullivan, 1b.	4	0	1	9	0
Morrill, 3d b	5	2	2	1	1	Foley, 3d b..	4	0	2	4	2
Schafer, r. f.	5	2	0	2	1	Miller, c....	5	0	1	5	1
Brown, c., c. f	4	2	2	2	1	Mitchell, p.	4	1	1	1	3
Totals..	43	11	11	27	16	Totals..	36	5	11	27	18

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	0
Cincinnati	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0

Runs earned—Cincinnati, 2. Two-base hits—Foley, 1; Wright, 2. Struck out—Wright, White, Brown, Morrill (2), and Schafer (2). Bases on called balls—Jones and Leon-ard. Left on bases—Cincinnati, 5; Boston, 6. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 5; Boston, 9. Passed balls—Miller, 4; Brown, 1. Wild pitches—Mitchell, 2. Double-plays—Sutton, Wright and White; Schafer and O'Rourke; Sut-ton, Wright and O'Rourke. Umpire, Mr. Pierson. Time, 2h. 2m.

ST. LOUIS vs. BOSTON.

The St. Louis nine, as it will probably be arranged for 1878, obtained a decisive victory over the Bostons at St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 23, the feature of the game being the fine pitching of Devlin, off whom only one clean hit was made, while the Browns batted Bond easily.

ST. LOUIS.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, r. f	4	3	2	0	0	Wright, 2d b.	3	0	0	1	2
Hall, l. f...	4	3	1	0	0	Leonard, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0
Clapp, c....	4	2	1	1	0	O'Rourke, c. f	3	0	0	3	0
Peters, s. s..	4	1	1	3	1	White, 1st b.	3	1	0	7	0
McGeary, 2b.	4	1	1	3	3	Sutton, s. s..	3	0	0	1	1
Devlin, p....	4	0	0	0	0	Bond, p....	3	0	1	0	7
Croft, 1st b.	4	0	0	6	0	Morrill, 3d b.	3	0	0	2	1
Snyder, c....	4	0	0	11	1	Schafer, r. f.	3	0	0	2	0
Force, 3d b..	4	0	0	0	0	Brown, c....	3	0	0	7	0
Totals...	37	9	6	24	15	Totals...	27	1	1	24	11

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
St. Louis	3	0	1	0	3	0	2	0	0—9
Boston	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Run earned—St. Louis, 1. Left on bases—St. Louis, 4; Boston, 1. Bases on called balls—O'Rourke, 1. Three-base hits—Hall, 1; Peters, 1. Double-play—McGeary, Peters and Croft. Umpire, Richard G. Pearce. Time, 2h.

THE ALLEGHENY'S CLAIMS AND CHARGES.

ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: The secretary of the Allegheny Club, in order to pull down the Tecumseh's record to a level with that of his own club for the International Champion-ship, attacks the Maple Leafs, claiming that they have no nine, and charging that they did not and never intended to play the Live Oaks on the latter's ground. Allow me to say, as one who writes with a full knowledge of the facts, that the Maple Leafs kept together a good nine up to the end of the season. For financial reasons, of which the club managers were the best judges, and which form no part of the Allegheny secretary's business, several of the club's paid players were released. It is puerile to claim that by so doing the club forfeited its membership in the Association, which is in effect what the Alleghe-ny secretary wants to do. As to the causes which led to the Maple Leafs not playing a championship game with the Live Oaks, the Allegheny secretary shows himself as ignorant of the facts in the case as he is of the rules governing the contest for the championship. In the first place the Oaks agreed to meet the Maple Leafs in Guelph on the 26th and 28th of May. After getting as far west as Erie, Pa., and for no valid reason that has as yet transpired, the Oaks broke their engagement and re-turned to Lynn without visiting Canada. Was that the fault of the Maple Leafs? Subsequently, while the Leafs were East in June, dates were fixed for two games in Lynn. On the first of these it rained, so that it was not possible to play, though the Leafs were there ready and willing. Next day turned out fine, and the two captains agreed that weather and grounds were suitable. The Leafs pre-sented themselves on time, but the Oaks refused to play, alleging that the grounds were unfit. Was that the fault of the Maple Leafs, or does it go to sustain the alle-gation of the Allegheny secretary that the Maple Leafs did not intend to play on the Live Oak grounds? I now come to a point that the Allegheny secretary skipped gayly over in his famous "bill of rights," and that is, as to why the Maple Leafs and Alleghenys played only two out of four games constituting the champion-ship series. Two games having been played in Guelph, the Maple Leafs, desirous of completing their quota, ar-ranged an early June that included all the championship clubs outside of Canada, embracing the Alleghenys and Buckeyes. The first draft of the trip provided for games in Pittsburg on the 18th and 19th of June, but on May 20 Mr. Knight, for the Alleghenys, telegraphed that he couldn't give those days, but would give the 20th and 21st. These latter dates were accepted, and the trip altered to suit them. On the 20th or 21st of June, while on this trip, Mr. Sleeman, manager of the Maple Leafs, learned that the Alleghenys had given the two days they had offered to him, and which had been accepted, to Indianapolis. Correspondence ensued, Mr. McKnight admitting that there had been a blunder, and suggesting that the Maple Leafs alter their arrangements to suit him. This Mr. Sleeman was unable to do, as the Buckeyes could not give the later dates made necessary by the change. As a consequence the Maple Leafs had to abandon the whole of their Western and Southern trip, which was mapped out mainly to complete their championship engagements with the Alleghenys and Buckeyes. Is it right that the Maple Leafs should be made to suffer for the Allegheny's blunder? Or is it a fair and legitimate excuse for a club to make to a champion-ship challenge that it engaged to play with a club not entered for the championship? Yet this is the ground taken by the Alleghenys Club for reducing the Maple Leaf record to two games each club, and that is the only excuse it can offer for failing to meet the Leafs on the dates agreed upon. I leave it to an impartial public to determine which club is to blame for the failure to complete its series. The above instance is not the only one in which the Allegheny Club made its championship engagements secondary to its arrange-ments with clubs whether entered for the championship nor belonging to the International Association. Twice it broke faith with the Tecumsehs to accept offers from out-side tribunes, to accommodate the Chicagos and a sec-ond time to enable it to hippodrome the country with the Stars and Indianapolis for a so-called "League Alliance Championship," which would have invariably attach the only stain on the character of an Inter-national club which the season has witnessed. It has been the pride and boast of Canadian clubs that they have always acted honorably and fulfilled their engagements honestly. No charge of "selling" a game or failing to meet an engagement once entered into has ever before been laid against that body, and we hope it never will. The Maple Leafs to not deserve to be taunted with lack of desire or inability to meet their engagements, at least by the Alleghenys, at whose hands not only they but other International clubs have been treated so badly. What the Maple Leafs claim, and are prepared to maintain, is that they fulfilled their obligations to the International as far as it was in their power to do, and any failures to complete them which have occurred are due to the bad faith and unjust treatment dealt out to them by their opponents. Yours, etc., CANADIAN.

ACCIDENT TO HARRY KELLEY.—On Thursday afternoon, Oct. 11, as Harry Kelley, ex-champion sculler, while at practice on the Thames, Eng., for his match with Joe Sad-ler, was attempting to pass under Putney Bridge, from some unaccountable cause or other he ran foul, wheng ing at full speed, of one of the abutments of that "elegant" structure. As might readily be imagined, the bridge did not suffer much, but Kelley's boat did, being completely smashed by the collision. Fortunately, Kelley managed to grasp one of the c o ms-pieces of the bridge, but, as that was slimy, he lost his hold, and in consequence received a second unexp-cted "ducking." However, on rising to the surface he was lucky enough to obtain a firm grip, and was quickly rescued from his perilous position. After a warm bath at the Bells he seemed no worse for a *contretemps* which might have proved fatal.

THE VIKING CLUB held their closing regatta at Bay-onne, N. J., Oct. 27. The course was ab-ut one and a half miles, with a turn, and the water in fair condition. A scullers' race for the club championship was first, C. H. R. Haley winning in consequence of Cook's error in regard to the finishing line. Time, 9m. 39s. Fair-sized gig boats into line, a good race being won by twenty seconds by B. Dar-rach, S. S. Wandel (stroke), J. C. Elliott (coxswain) beating F. B. Howell, H. F. Morewood (stroke), L. W. Kingsley (cox.). Time, 10m. 28c. The third race was for four-oared barges, and was won by W. H Morewood (bow), J. H. Stoddard, H. F. Morewood, C. H. R Haley (stroke), J. C. Elliott (cox.); defeating P. Sprague (bow), F. Pinneo, E. Babcock, F. B. Howell (stroke), J. F. Cook (cox.). Won by a half length; time, 10m. Referee and starter, F. W. Gif-ford; timekeeper, Wm. B. Eakin.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.—Delegates from fourteen clubs met at the Palmer House, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 19, and organized an association for the above title. The officers are: President, J. C. Osgood of the Burlington Club; vice-president, J. A. St. John, Mo-doc Club, St. Louis; secretary, R. C. Watts, Madison Club; treasurer, T. P. Staples, Farragut Club, Chicago; commodore, C. L. Williams, Minnesota Club, St. Paul; vice-commodore, L. D. Powers, Chicago Barge Club; en-sign, P. C. Wheeler, Peoria Club; executive committee, F. W. Montgomery, Milwaukee Club; J. A. Dillon, University Club, St. Louis; F. W. Gould, Sylvan Club, Moline. The committee are to decide upon the time of holding the first regatta.

FAIRMOUNT ROWING ASSOCIATION.—The inaugural re-gatta of this Philadelphia organization attracted a number of people to the banks of the Schuylkill Oct. 27. The first race, for six oared barges, was won by the Mountain Rose crew, defeating the Nettle barge over forty eight seconds; distance, three miles; time, —. The single-scull race, same course, followed, with three starters, Wm. Flick defeating E. Ewing and J. Murphy. Won by a half-second from Ewing; time, 20m. 34½s. The third and closing event was for four oared barges, same course, Falls mounts winning by over twenty seven seconds; time, 23m. 26s.; Americans third, Pacifics last. Judges, Wm. Francis and Michael McGeran; timekeepers, Stewart Thompson and Patrick Kelley; umpire, Austin Street.

SCULLING AT WHEELING.—The single-scull race between John Barrett of the Nail City Club and Ed. Clator of the Brown Club, both of Wheeling, W. Va., was the sensation at that place on Oct. 20. The distance was three miles, and the stakes $40. Barrett came in some twelve or thirteen lengths ahead of Clator, in twenty-three minutes. The judges were D. C. Cochran and Sam Brown for Clator, and G. W. Johnston and E. Cochrane for Barrett, Frank Hall acted as referee. After the race Barrett was presented with a good scull-boat scarf-pin by his friends of the Nail City Club.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP of the Neptune Rowing Club of St. John, N. B., was contended for by Peter Clinch, Walker Donald and E. Woods, in a two-mile turning race in the harbor Oct. 22. Mr. Clinch finished about a quarter ahead, but he was disqualified because he had been accom-panied and coached by McLeod in violation of the rules governing the race, the same boat in which Donald Clinch said he rowed the same course he had intended to row before starting, did not wish McLeod to coach him, and paid no attention to advice given by him.

WILLIAM JACOBS of Stapleton, S. I., who has repeatedly performed the feat of rowing around the island in a shell-boat, is stated to have recently repeated the performance. Starting from Stapleton, he pulled to Tottenville, about 19 miles, in 2 hours 48 minutes, and arrived at the starting point again, distance about 37 miles, in 6 hours, 8 min.—an average of less than ten minutes per mile. The fig-ures are taken from *The Richmond County Sentinel*, to which we presume they were furnished by Jacobs.

A FOUR-OARED RACE, over a straightaway course of less than three miles, with the current, for the Pelton Cup, was rowed at Bath Beach, L. I., Oct. 21. Nine shells belong-ing to the Modoc, Western, St. Louis and Dry Dock Clubs, took part, the winning craft being the Tempest of the Westerns, the Bob Ingersoll of the Modocs second. Time, 16m. 10s.

THE NAUMKEAG BOAT CLUB of Salem, Mass., have elected the following officers: President, Michael Lynch; vice-president, James Naughton; secretary, Wm. Sheehan; collector, John Flynn; treasurer, Daniel O'Brien; direc-tors, John Kennedy, Patrick Cotter, Edward Roach, M. F. Hagan and Michael Cotter.

T. J. BUCKLEY and M. Lynch defeated S. H. Murray and J. H. Buckley in a double-scull race, two miles, for $25 a side, at Lynn, Mass., Oct. 27. They came in nearly a quarter of a mile ahead.

A SCULLERS' RACE in flat-bottom boats, for $10 a side, was rowed at Lowell, Mass., Oct. 27, John Turner defeating Steve Nester. Time, 17:30; distance, about two miles.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GALE'S GREAT WALKING FEAT.

As a matter of great interest to all who practice athletic feats, or advocate the pursuit of the exercise as likely to improve the physique, we present the appended particu-lars, copied from *Bell's Life*, of the recent unapproached performance of William Gale (Blue Mantle), who, Oct. 5, successfully finished the task of walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Eng.: "Gale commenced his task at 2 02 A. M. on the 26, and rattled off his first mile and a half in 16m. 15s., a rate of progression, however, that he did not keep up, speedily settling down into between 19 and 20 minutes during the first 19 hours, and gradually, as fatigue and the various ills he has had to encounter, such as bad weather, varicose veins, etc., set in, lengthening his walking time to from 21 to 25 minutes, and on one occasion (the 867th journey) was as much as 31m. 55s. During the early portion of his task he had the discouraging prospect of walking to empty benches, the attendance being very small, with the exception of each successive Sunday, when the public, not having to pay at the gate, came in large numbers. Upon these oc-casions Gale would brighten up, and make much faster time—too fast, in fact, as his friends repeatedly told him, but the personality of some of the spectators invariably roused him to fresh exertions, some of his miles—nota-bly the thousandth—when the ground was well attended, being very fast, considering the length of h s journey. As might be expected, the extra exertion told its tale, and his feet became somewhat sore, but his boots were so ad-mirably adapted for the purpose that Gale suffered comparatively little inconvenience on that score. His progress was, spite of all drawbacks, steady, and on Oct. 5, when our reporter left the grounds at 9 27:48 P. M., he had duly walked 1,470 miles, the number of hours since the commencement of his attempt being 980. He was then going well, and it appeared, as the result proved, almost a certainty that he would be able to pull through." On the morning of the 6th Gale was walking in good form, but after accomplishing his 3 o'clock journey in the afternoon he complained to Dr. Gant of the Royal Free Hospital, who takes great interest in these and simi-lar affairs, and was in attendance at the time, of extreme cold, and upon examination it was found that his pulse was "80, very feeble and irregular." Brandy and egg was administered, and after sleeping quietly until the bell rang again, he came out tolerably fit. After this he was much better, and, though he could not sleep again, another dose of brandy and egg woke him up, and, encouraged by the plaudits of the large number of spectators present, he finished his task in grand style, walking the last 1¾ miles in 15min 52sec., the fastest time, with the exception of the 1,000th hour, when he walked the required distance in 15min. 14sec., that he had made throughout the match. A few minutes after the completion of the 1,500 miles within the time specified, Dr. Gant, assisted by Dr. Farr of Earl's Courtroad and Dr. Morrell, again examined him, and re-ported as follows: The pulse 88, but quite regular; the heart's action corresponded, and no murmur at base or apex; temperature by the thermometer within the mouth registered 106.1, quite rational and calm; the expression of face not in the least haggard, and nei-ther pallid nor suffused, but having the appearance produced by exposure to the sun and air; slight con-gestion of the conjunctive under the eyelids; pupils not dilated, and answering to the influence of light. The call of left leg presented a large varicose patch, the external sa-phœna vein had become dilated and tortuous, into an cel-like form. Not the slichtest œdema or the legs had oc-curred, nor was there any swelling of the knees or ankle-joints. The feet were quite sound, except a slight blister under the ball of the right great toe, and there was no ten-dency to varicocele or hernia. After standing up for this part of the examination, and the lapse of 20 minutes, the pulse remained at 88, but the temperature had fallen to 97.5. Another cup of the brandy and egg mixture was, therefore, administered, making five eggs which he had thus taken with avidity in the previous two hours and a half. His friends would have him scaled to the spot, and it was found that he had lost only 6½ lb. in the course of his prolonged exertion and deprivation of sleep for a period of six weeks. Throughout the walk Gale was attended on by his brother F. Gale, G. Kirsop, Lon-don, W. Atkins and J. James of Cardiff, and latterly had the advantage of the advice of Jack Hopkins; and the judges were H. Green, T. Griffith, H. Jewell, J. Father and J. Vandy, representatives of the London sporting press. Gale did not confine himself to any particular diet, but ate and drank whatever he happened to fancy, varying his ordinary fare with such luxuries as crabs, lob-sters, walnuts, and other articles that would be vetoed at once by the old-fashioned rules of training. After his medi-cal examination was over, Gale was allowed to sleep for two hours, and then took some walking exercise; subsequent which he again retired for four hours, and on Sunday he resumed his wonted allowance of food and repose. On the following day he was present at the championship boat-race, in apparently perfect health and spirits, and has since been down at Newmarket, which place he visited at the invitation of Sir John Astley, who, with a few friends, are getting up a testimonial for him.

A NOTE FROM DOLE.

The communication from W. M. Napier in our past issue concerning the recent walking-match between L. C. Dole and Harry Thatcher has elicited the following from Dole:

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir*: There is a fact I wish to call to the memory of the "Lover of Athletic Sports," viz: a member of last year, at London, Eng., I walked seven miles on a bad day in 55:25, and the week following, in final heat, I walked four miles in 29:50, going on. Anyone can ascertain this by inquiring of *Bell's Life* or *The Sport-ing Life*. Yet, when I am walking at the rate of 5:20 to the mile, I am told by the "Lover of Athletic Sports" that I "would not live at the pace." Change a man who has never claimed that which was not mine, and in all sporting matters has acted straightforward and to the point, I have to request you to publish this, and I take this opportunity to say that I am ready to defend my title against anyone who puts up a forfeit in your hands.

Yours very truly, LESTER C. DOLE, Champion.

MEMBERS of the Washington Heights Athletic Associa-tion indulged in two running races at St. Nicholas avenue and 157th street Oct. 25. First came a 100-yards run, for the club championship, which was won by C. Knapp, who took the first and final heat, J. Reilly winning the second. A 100-yards handicap followed, R. Sault (5 feet start) taking the first heat, W. Knapp (20) the second, J. Wolf (6) the third, W. Peet (20) the fourth and also the final; Knapp second, Wolf third.

JACK GOULDING, trackmaster of the New York Athletic Club, trained C. W. Eldridge and W. Bearnes for the Co-lumbia College games, and he feels excusably elated over the performance of the former in the two miles. Goulding likewise had charge of the preparation of Merritt and Morgan for the great race on Oct. 24.

JOHN E. MANNING and Bill Kendricks will run 200 yards for a supposed stake, at Providence, R. I., Oct. 30, and on Nov. 2 Manning and Ed. Moulton will run 400 yards at the same place.

O'LEARY AND ESNIS are to decide their hundred-mile walking match at the Exposition Building, Chicago, Ill., on Nov. 10.

A HANDICAP FOOT-RACE, 120 yards, will take place Nov. 5 at Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.

THE RING.

A CUSTOMER FOR MCLELLAN.—On the day of going to press we received the following in answer to Mr. Mc-Clellan's offer:

BROOKLYN, Oct. 29.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir*: Seeing in THE CLIP-PER of last week a challenge from Wm. C. McClellan to any man in America to fight with gloves at a weight not to exceed 125 ..... As I have an impression that I will match against McClellan at that weight. He shall fight him on the same terms as the Murray and McClellan affair, private, for a purse, in two or three weeks' time.

Yours, JOHN J. DWYER.

OFF-HAND SCRAP.—On Monday, Oct. 8, a mill came off, in a field near Penn Common, Eng., between the "Town Cries" of Worcester and Droitwich, a policeman, county force. The original challenge was for a "fiver," "Bobby" how-ever, would not fight under fifty a side, and this amount was found and posted. The fight lasted one hour and ten minutes, resulting in the sponge being thrown up for the policeman.

A SPARRING AND WRESTLING EXHIBITION for the joint benefit of Captain Roebuck, formerly Superintendent of the City Gymnasium, and Lucien Marre the wrestler, took place at Workingmen's Hall, Cincinnati, O., Oct. 20. The captain, although not very well, had the best of the spar be-tween him and Marre, but the latter badly worsted him in the wrestle. Several other boxing bouts between local lights took place.

CHARLES COLLINS, familiarly known throughout the States as "The Cast-iron Man," arrived in the metropolis last week, having resigned the position of master at arms on board the U. S. S. Hartford, to which he was appointed after leaving the Washington gymnasium, where he was sparring instructor for some years. He proposes giving an exhibition in this city at an early day, when he will wind up with some first-class man.

MIKE GILLESPIE will have a benefit at the International Exchange, Sansom street, below Eighth, Philadelphia, on Nov. 3. Among those announced to appear are Jim Mur-ray, Arthur Chambers, Harry Hicken and Dan Dougherty, who will don the gloves (the latter winding up with Mike), while a large number of volunteers will appear in a variety entertainment.

THE GLOVE MATCH between Tom Allen and Tompkin Gilbert, for a silver cup valued at £100, was to have been decided at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, Eng., Oct. 29.

JIM FRAWLEY, who boxed with O'Leary at Johnny Dwyer's recent show, will take a benefit at Philadelphia Nov. 5. During his stay in the Quaker City Jim will stop at the Nolan House, 213 Second street, and from there he will proceed to Washington, D. C.

JAMES COYNE AND "ELLY" MOCKRIDGE of Newark, N. J., who were indicted by the Grand Jury, and on Oct. 13 found guilty of dog-fighting, received their sentences Oct. 27, a fine of $100 and costs being imposed upon each.

BILLIARD ITEMS.

HARRY CHOATE and Rudolph Helser were to have play-ed at the Atlantic Rooms, Cincinnati, Oct. 25, for $50 a side, Heiser giving odds of 50 points in 200. At Phil Te-man's, on the 25th, for the same amount. Heiser, who played 400 to the 300 of J. Garrett of Indianapolis, was beaten by the latter. Heiser scored 344.

PROF. ED HASKELL, at Standard Hall, Cincinnati, O., Oct. 23, made runs of 135, 137, 177, 255, and 300 points, says a Cincinnati paper. Evidently, the Professor plays with ten fingers.

SEXTON, GARNIER, DALY and others are to play at the reopening of A. P. Rudolphe's room, 315 Broadway, this city, on the night of Nov. 7.

THE MATCH between Sexton and C. Dion is for $500 a side in this way—Sexton gives Dion $100 for making it.

THE TALLULAH COMPANY of Atlanta, Ga., was the "cock of the walk" at the trial of steam fire engines at the State fair. The boys got up steam in 5min. 15sec., and threw a solid stream 284 feet, which beat anything ever before seen in that section. The steamer is of the Gould pattern.

A FOOTBALL MATCH was played by teams representing Phillips Academy and the Resolute Club at Andover, Mass., Oct. 27. The Resolutes won, gaining six touch-downs.

TONY PASTOR'S.
TONY PASTOR'S.
THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL.
THE FOUR ALLEN SISTERS,
ANNIE, LOUISA, RAY, AND RICCA,
THE GIRARD BROTHERS, SLAVIN AND BUCKLEY,
FRANK MARA, THE FRENCH TWIN SISTERS,
BILLY BARRY,
Johnny Allen, Emmerson and Clark, Hilda Thomaso, the Freeman Sisters, Lizzie Horn.
TONY PASTOR
and his great Troupe of Stars.
"Up in Sixty Avenue," "The Boss on the Corner," "The Crushed Tragedian," "The Slave's Dream."
LITTLE MABEL LEONARD
will soon appear.
Matinee Tuesday and Friday.
Seats secured in advance.
Carriages may be ordered at 10.40. 32-1t

PARK THEATRE.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
NINTH WEEK.
NINTH WEEK. THE
NINTH WEEK CRUSHED
TRAGEDIAN.
MR. SOTHERN
AS DE LACY FITZALTAMONT.
EVENING AT 8. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
NOTICE.—On TUESDAY EVENING, after the perform-ance, MR. SOTHERN and company will proceed by
SPECIAL TRAIN TO BOSTON
arriving at 8 A. M. Wednesday. They will give a matinee performance at the BOSTON THEATRE at 10 A. M. for the benefit of the Bunker Hill Monument Fund. The curtain will fall at 12.15 P. M. The special train will start on its return trip at 12.30 P. M., arriving at the GRAND CENTRAL DE-POT at 7 P. M., and the curtain will rise at the PARK THEATRE at the regular time. 32-1t

NEW PARK THEATRE, BROOK-LYN.—EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE at 2. the celebrated heroic actor GEORGE RIGNOLD, in Shake-speare's grand historical spectacle, HENRY THE FIFTH. Magnificent scenery, superb armors, appointments, etc. SPLENDOR OVER EVERY STAGE.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.
MONDAY NEXT LESTER WALLACK IN ROSEDALE.
All the original scenery and effects as produced in New York. 32-1t

COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE,
Corner of West Twelfth st. and Greenwich ave., N. Y. City.
Evening at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2. Until further notice the two latest sensa-tions, "Caught at It" and "The Artful Duchess." Cor-dellones and artists are daily on the lookout for engage-ments by addressing Jake Berry as above. Please con-sider silence a polite negative for the present. In active preparation, a fairy comedy by Mme. R. Newville three acts, entitled "Silken Meshes." 30-4t*f

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
MR. WM. J. FLEMING.....Proprietor
MONDAY, Oct. 29.—GRAND OPENING.
Season of the Fall and Winter Season, with Auber's celebrated Italian operatic spectacle in five tableaux, entitled MAS-SANIELO, OR THE FAIR SIDE OF PORTICI. With the follow-ing artistes in the cast: Sig. Carlo Rosini, Tagliafico, Ma-celli, Perni, Barberis, H. A. Bischoff, L. G. Gottschalk, Signorina Buzzetti, Mlle. Lupo, Mons. Savant, Sig. Novel-li and G. Fontanesi, musical director and conductor. 32-1t*

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
OPERA.
Lessee and Manager.....MR. STEPHEN FISKE
Positively last nights of the
HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY.
"A fashionable event and popular success."—HERALD.
MONDAY EVENING, } FRA DIAVOLO.
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, } FRA DIAVOLO.
and SATURDAY MATINEE. } FRA DIAVOLO.
Box office 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. Usual prices. 32-1t

BROADWAY THEATRE.
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK of the AIMEE SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, LA BELLE HELENE.
TUESDAY EVENING, GIROFLE-GIROFLA.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, LA PERICHOLE, with MARIE AIMEE, and first time of BARBE BLEUE, which will be repeated Thursday Evening and Saturday Matinee.
FRIDAY EVENING, Production of LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.
Monday Evening, Inauguration of the Dramatic Season, JANAUSCHEK.

OLYMPIC THEATRE,

FIDO'S ACHATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The lurid sun was sinking in the west
(Its "custom ever of an afternoon"),
Crowning the housetops with a scarlet crest
And casting shadows long as Evarts' croon,
When Phillis came upon her pa's front stoop
With Fido (happy poodle!) in her arms;
Four sweet youths—id est, swells—made up the group,
And in the rear stood reveling in her charms.
This group so handsome was that, unawares,
Each passer gave the stoop a pair of stares.

These youths all madly worshiped pretty Phillis,
Who seemed to them to have a heart of stone,
She ridiculed their love, which conduct really's
Difficult to bear without a groan.
She laughed at what she termed their melancholy,
And vowed that Fido owned her heart alone;
"Yes, Fido, dear, but he can make me jolly"—
Here she was startled by a yell in tone
Like wounded eagle or some other fowl,
But 'twas no eagle cry—it was a howl.

Strephon, who loved her best of all the four,
And so was, at her coldness, de-pest mourner,
Heard the strange noise, cried out with joy and tore
Adown the steps and quickly round the corner.
Within five minutes through the streets there came
Two dog-catchers, with tumbrel for the hound,
Or any other dog the brutes might care to claim
And sell for thirty penny weights the pound.
The driver was a rough man, coarse and hard;
His partner, too, was "bearded like the pard."

One catcher rushed towards the girl, and had,
Ere she could speak, poor Fido in his grasp,
Which made poor Phillis, if not doggy, mad—
So angry was she, she could only gasp
To her male friends: "Please save the dog." But they
Each said: "Damfido!" To her pleas a deaf 'un,
The catchers were just leaving with their prey,
When down the street returned the noble Strephon.
He seized the catcher by the throat, and cried: "Oh,
Base wretch, to bone a *bona fide* Fido!"

He'd almost brought the catcher to submission,
And forced the brute to beg for quarter hard,
When the postilion leaped from his position
And went to rescue and revenge his "pard."
This dead-beat got more than he'd reckoned on.
Cried Strephon: "Return that dog," between each crack.
"I'll not," the beat replied; "the dog is gone;
I'm engineered if I'll ever give him back."
Then two soles with a single thought begun
To fiercely kick towards that beat as one.

The catcher changed his mind then, and returned
The frightened Fido to the youth, and he
Said, handing it to Phillis, whose cheeks burned
With gratitude: "Here is your love. For me
Is there no word?" Said she: "Yes, take myself.
My heart's a gift I've heard you oft importune."
He cried: "Oh, joy! One chaste kiss, little elf—
I'll take your heart." (Aside): "Likewise your fortune."
"Say, here's a beer-shop," thus one catcher spoke—
"Let's share the gold the sweet paid for the joke."

J. A. M.

A LOVE AND A LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LAWRENCE HOWARD.

God forgive you for what you have done, Alf. I gave the world and my own soul, sacrificed home and friends—everything—for you and your guilty love. God knows how worthless is your heart; but, such as it is, I want no share in it. Go back to the woman whose coquetries caused you to seek consolation for wounded pride from me. I take the wreck of my life and go my way. God forgive me, and God help you if you ever cross my path again.

HELENE.

"Five years ago, I see; and you never heard of her again?"

"No; and, by Jove, I have been haunted somehow of late by that girl's face. She *was* a beauty."

"Rather a fierce one, I should fancy."

"Why, no; a quiet little body, a regular little duchess in manner, thoroughly educated, one of the sweetest of singers, and a fine reader of 'the bards.' But I couldn't keep them apart, you see. The Devil's in a woman."

"Poor Devil," said Matt Grant sympathetically. "What a lively time he has keeping his votaries properly stirred up and active!"

"Yes," tossing his cigar out of the window. "I wish he had taken a nap about the time he prompted me to come to this cursed place. I've had steady hard luck, and feel as if the spectre of my departed grandmother was hovering near. The old lady always prophesied me no good."

"I don't think the old lady was far out in her opinions, myself, old man," laughed Grant. "But come, stow away that tender missive, and let's take ourselves out."

"I'm a fool for carrying it along, but somehow it sticks by me," said Selwyn with a scowl. "I've been tempted to tear it up a dozen times, but didn't."

"Yes; very melodramatic and all that. How would you like to meet the little lady?"

"I think I should rather like it, provided she has not found another lover," said Selwyn meditatively.

"Not much chance for that, where a pretty girl is concerned. How about that little implied threat?"

"Pshaw! A woman's bravado. She would come back to her old love in a week's time. Such women never outgrow an attachment."

"And women who never forget to love always remember to hate—so the novels say," smiled Grant.

"Bah! gammon! I believe a woman could frighten you into anything."

"If she were pretty enough, even so."

"Well," said Selwyn, removing his feet from the window-ledge and surveying his boots critically, "let us try the charm of women and wine to-night at N——'s. His invitation is cordial, and the girls, he says, are worth seeing and knowing."

"Humph! Cordiality from the owner of a variety theatre? That means champagne for the girls at our expense, money in his pocket, and amusement for us, if there happens to be anything to amuse. Well, come along; let's accept of this 'hospitality' so *cordially* extended. Get away from that mirror while I prepare to demolish the heart of some fair warbler."

"You are an infernal coxcomb, Matt. I don't expect to be amused, but a man must get time off his hands somehow."

"Precisely," laughed Matt Grant. "Come along," and, whistling melodiously, he sauntered out from the hotel, leisurely followed by his friend.

All was bustle in the ladies' dressing-rooms at N——'s Novelty Theatre, and there was much talking, and, must it be said, some whispering among the fair belles of the footlights.

"I don't think her such a wonderful singer," quoth Miss Bella St. Aubrey, vocalist.

"Nor I; and she isn't handsome, if I'm any judge."

"Well, you may be a judge of your own charms, but you can't judge for the men, and they call her a regular beauty," said Rose Grey, who was married, and, being a trapeze performer, did not in any way collide with the obnoxious vocalist under criticism.

"Men are fools," snapped the champion jig-dancer, giving her blonde wig a vicious pull.

"Well, Miss Flora, that's all right; but if you could step on and off that stage as gracefully as she, you would get more applause, as well as more salary: and all the men say she is the only one who knows anything about correct singing."

Such a chorus of indignation! Poor Rosa was verbally annihilated, but she seemed not in the least disconcerted, and went on "making-up" her face as if she heard only singing-birds.

Suddenly the clamor ceased, for, standing in their midst, was the subject of their varied remarks, and a queer little smile hovering about the corners of her mouth caused some of the party to suspect that she had not missed quite all of their impromptu debate.

"Good-evening, ladies. Don't let me interrupt you."

Aileen Lorne, so called in the bills, threw off her wrappings, and greeted Rose Grey with a sweet smile:

"Late, am I, Rosie? Well, I was stupid to-day, and went to sleep. However, I won't be behind with my toilet to-night. Just give me that hand-mirror there."

She was such a *petite* body, with large, black eyes, and fair fleecy hair—all her own—a lovely face altogether, and a form lithe and graceful, well meriting Rose Grey's praise. She was a self-possessed little woman, and the hints of her rivals, their rudenesses and attempts to annoy, were met for the most part with a half-contemptuous, half-amused face, and sometimes a sharp witticism that shewed her entire ability to deal with her critics of the dressing-room when she felt like taking the trouble.

One by one they sauntered out, and the evening commenced gayly.

Sitting in a box overlooking the stage are Messrs. Grant and Selwyn. They have not found that amusement of which they came in search, and Selwyn has yawned openly and in the very face of Manager N——, who was doing the honors.

The champion jig-dancer had been "doing her worst," as Rose sweetly informed her, and Selwyn never so much as glanced at the programme to see who "appeared" next. A few plaintive chords from the orchestra, and then a voice rang out sweet, clear and cultivated. Almost simultaneously Selwyn sprang into erect attention, then hastily drew back the curtain. The song was ended and the singer had bowed and retired before the man changed his attitude. Then the curtain dropped from his hands and he fell back in his chair.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated.

The house rang with applause. Again the orchestra sounded a symphony, and the singer stood smiling before her audience. Lifting her eyes, they scanned the house for just a moment, and then she sang again, and still more sweetly. Her sweeping glance had not fallen upon the party in the box just above. Confused thoughts were dancing through the brain of Alf Selwyn, and Manager N—— was saying, in reply to Grant's eulogy:

"Yes, a very pretty girl—very odd, too, and quite superior, Miss Lorne—quite so. Be introduced?"

"Yes, by all means—present us," said Matt Grant eagerly; and then, as the manager bustled out: "Gad, Alf, have you fallen a victim too? What a sweet face and voice, and what careless, matchless, graceful indifference! That, certainly, is not stage-learned. Why, man alive, what ails you? Don't stare me out of countenance."

Alf Selwyn leaned forward and touched his companion's arm.

"Look here, Grant. By Jove, I am more than astonished, just on the heels of our conversation to see her like this—it's like an omen."

"Her! who?" Impatiently: "Why don't you explain? Zounds, man," as Selwyn tapped his pocket significantly, "you don't mean that this girl is——"

"Helene. And, Matt, it sounds ridiculous, but while that girl was singing I seemed to hear distinctly those words: 'God help you if ever you cross my path.'" Selwyn laughed nervously, and then added: "Watch her closely, Matt, to see if she recognizes me."

"All right, old man. You sort of feel your grandmother's warning again, don't you, eh?" And he laughed half-maliciously. "Hand her over to me, Alf. Don't try to revive the old flame—let me kindle a new one."

Selwyn made an impatient gesture, and answered half angrily:

"Hands off, Matt. My claim is first, and I want to see if I have still any influence over my lady."

A queer light gleamed for an instant in Matt Grant's handsome eye, and then he said, with a comical tone of resignation:

"As the Grand Turk pleases, of course; but if your highness should decide not to throw the handkerchief, might I then venture?"

"Don't be an idiot, Grant. Here they are." And Manager N—— appeared.

"Ah! come in, ladies—come in! Madame Rose Grey, Miss Aileen Lorne, gentlemen; Messrs.—ah—Grant and—pardon, sir, S——?" turning upon Selwyn inquiringly.

"Smith," interposed Matt Grant quietly, his eyes fixed upon Aileen Lorne. Not a muscle quivered, but he fancied for an instant the lips were a thought less rosy, and certainly the lovely eyes changed most wondrously in expression; only for a moment, however, and Matt Grant, knowing full well that dark page of her history that was turned five years before, did mental homage to her marvelous self-control.

With a face as calm as a Summer morning, Aileen seated herself beside the man who had made life a bitter, sad thing. Never was her laugh freer or oftener heard. Not one word or look escaped the watchful eye and ear of young Grant; but he might as well have watched the Sphinx, and his face wore a smile of grim satisfaction as he saw that Selwyn too was furtively watching for some word or sign. When they bade her good-evening, she extended her hand to each with the same free grace.

"Might one be permitted to wish that he might see you again, Miss Lorne?" drawled Selwyn as he took her hand.

"I am visible here every night, *Mr. Smith*," she said smilingly; "and—oh, Mr. Grant, I am to sing 'Waiting' to-morrow night."

He had named this song as among his favorites.

"And what will you sing for me?" queried Selwyn, a trifle too eagerly.

"For you?" meditatively. "Really, you are very kind. I will sing whatever you may desire to hear, that I am able to sing decently."

"Thank you," lowering his voice a little. "Then will you sing for me that little aria from 'Don Juan'—'Go, Forget Me?' It used to be a favorite of mine."

"Yes," with an upward inflection and an uplifting of the eyebrows, slight but unmistakable. "It's a dingy little thing, but to oblige you—certainly, Mr. Smith."

Matt eyed her narrowly. Did she purposely, intentionally, utter that very commonplace name? At any rate, he felt ready to fall down and worship her for so utterly ignoring all but the present.

"Two more scalps, Aileen," said Rose, as they donned their wraps in the dressing-room an hour later. "Those men never deigned to glance at me. Girls, avoid Messrs. Grant and Smith—romantic name!—they will snub you if you attempt to cultivate them."

"Oh, I don't suppose they saw *us*," said Miss St. Aubrey seriously.

"Or thought of us, if they did," added the champion.

"Yes, they did, girls," said Aileen soothingly; "they mentioned you both."

"What did they say?" in a staccato duet.

"Why," explained Rose serenely, "Mr. Grant said you, St. Aubrey, were too fat, and my Lord Smith asked if Flora were not a little bow-legged. I wouldn't mind that Flo—*we* know it was your tights."

But Flora banged the door for answer and descended to the stage in a state of wrath that boded ill for the first victim who came in her way.

Sauntering out together, Alf Selwyn and Matt Grant were unusually silent for some moments. Then Grant said:

"Well, friend Smith, your little runaway seems to have gotten herself pretty well in hand since the old days, or else"—smiling to himself—"she did not know you. Don't consider the result of the meeting very flattering to you in either case, eh?"

"Don't be too fast, my friend; let me have my week; I'll win her back, and, by Jove! she is worth the trouble."

"Just for your own satisfaction and to illustrate your power as a lady-killer, I suppose?" queried Grant, and the darkness hid the scorn in his face and the wrath of his eyes.

"Precisely," with a half laugh; "and to revenge myself for the shabby treatment of to-night."

"She *should* have fainted, cried out 'Tis he!' and been unable to appear because of the shock. That's what she *should* have done; but," dryly, "the reality was slightly different."

"Hang you, *you* seemed well enough pleased with the 'reality;' but wait." And he kissed his hand airily to an imaginary audience.

"Oh, I am waiting," retorted Grant. "Only when you have thrown the handkerchief, be fair—let me know the denouement."

"You shall."

They lighted cigars and smoked in silence; and, looking up to the stars, Matt Grant muttered to himself:

"I'll wait, Alf Selwyn, and I'll stand between that little woman and harm, if need be. But my judgment of human nature is very much at fault if she has not gotten out of your power, my self-satisfied friend, and I don't think I should much care to stand in your shoes just now. I say, Selwyn," exclaimed he suddenly, "don't you see or feel anything of your grandmother about now?"

"Bah! there you are again. No, the old lady reposes quietly."

"As I shall soon. Good-night, old man—pleasant dreams."

And having reached their hotel, the two separated for the night; but Matt Grant did not "repose" so soon as he had stated, and Alf Selwyn was not visited by pleasant dreams.

Nor were they alone in their restlessness or dream-haunted slumber. Aileen Lorne bore home to her lodgings a face not good to see; she threw open her shutters with a strong, firm hand, and gazed out into the night, whose darkness suited well her mood.

"At last!" she murmured in hushed but purposeful tones—"at last my time has come."

And the first gray beams of morning found her there at the open window, her position scarce altered, her hands tightly clasped, her eyes deep and glowing, and her face as calm as the face of the dead.

Weeks flew by, and still the two men lingered. Every day saw the bonds of their friendship loosening, every day saw them drifting farther apart, and every night saw them haunting N——'s Variety Theatre, where Aileen Lorne smiled sweetly upon both and favored neither. Other admirers, seeing how useless were any attempt at rivalry with these two, fell back and left them a clear field. The girls of the theatre, who caught some of these rebounding hearts, and who had from the first abandoned as useless any attempt at rivalry where Messrs. Grant and Selwyn were concerned, began to wonder and guess, and finally to wager; and gloves, bonbons, champagne, etc., hung in the balance while Aileen Lorne hesitated seemingly between these two, and chose neither.

And these men of the world, each in his way, had become terribly in earnest.

In all these days she had never addressed Alf Selwyn by any name save the euphonious one of Smith, given him in irony by Matt Grant, and the self-possessed, worldly-wise Mr. Selwyn had found the reviving of old times and subjects harder than he had thought—in fact, impossible. No trick of voice or touch, no recalling of old-time looks and love-words, no quotations from or mention of poets she had loved, or songs she had sung in the days of her love-dream, could awaken to visible life one chord of memory. No word, or look, or sign told him that the past was not a blank to her. And after that first meeting the watchful eyes of Matt Grant saw no further token of a memory stirred, no trace of emotion on the fair, inscrutable face. And so the days went on; and so, in darkness and doubt, Fate wove her web.

Many things, both good and ill, had belonged to the two men in common; but it is not possible to divide all things even with one's best friend, and so it chanced that Messrs. Selwyn and Grant found their friendship growing less as the desire to win in the race of Cupid grew stronger in the breast of each. They fell out, and a misunderstanding brought them to a better understanding of themselves, and the feebleness of poor Friendship when pitted against Love. They agreed that anything would be an improvement upon the present state of affairs. They would put an end to suspense. Aileen should choose between them.

Who should plead his cause first was decided by lot, and the chance fell to Alf Selwyn.

"It is as well," muttered Matt Grant, as he waited alone while Selwyn was pleading for himself. "If, after all that is past, she can return to him, she is not the woman to make me happy. If I have not overrated her, she will give Alf Selwyn the answer he deserves. She is beautiful, refined, and—spite of the past, I fully believe—good. If Selwyn loses a mistress, I shall try and gain a wife."

And Matt wandered off into dreamland, and his waking visions were of a sunny home in some far-away nook, and of Aileen, with a sort of happiness replacing that Sphinx-like, frozen calm that her face now wore. Ah, Fate has not quite withdrawn her favor when she permits us to be happy in dreams.

And so it came to pass that, on the same day, almost within the same hour, Aileen Lorne listened to two love stories. To Selwyn she listened silently, but with a triumphant glitter in her eyes, and a smile of strange meaning on her lips; but she would listen to no reminiscences of the past, warding them off as if they held the power to shake the calm in which she held herself, and with that smile that had no warmth in it, and whose meaning he could not fathom, she bade him leave her for the present.

"Come to the theatre to-night," she said; "I will be ready with my answer then."

But when Matt Grant stood before her, and in earnest, manly words asked her to leave forever the life of the actress, and to enter upon a new existence as his wife, a change came over her. She was moved by his manly address—touched to the heart. Strangely, strangely shaken by the words, so honest, so true, that rushed from his lips, she heard in silence, pondered, seemed to waver, to hesitate. After a silent mental struggle, she looked in his face and said:

"Do not think that I do not fully value every word you have spoken. It is all a surprise—a shock. I never dreamed that you cared for me like this—never expected nor hoped that a good man would ask me to be his wife. And that it should come *now*—to-day, of all times, and from you, who are ——" Here she checked herself suddenly; then, putting out her hands piteously, went on brokenly: "Mr. Grant, your love, I think, could make me happy, if—if my life had been, could be, different; but between us there is an obstacle. It will not disappear—rather will it become more and more a barrier as time goes on. To-day I can tell you no more than this. To-morrow—come to me to-morrow—*if you care to see me then*—and then you will know all."

"Aileen," his voice was very tender, "my poor child, I do know more than you seem to think; I know it from the lips of the man who wronged you, who was with you to-day trying to win you back. I can forget that, my darling. Will not you try?"

Back to her face came the old Sphinx-like expression.

"To-morrow," she said, "you will know all. If I promised to marry you to-day, you would curse me to-morrow; and—I want you to think of me the best you can. Do you know"—suddenly lifting her eyes to his—"has he told others here—that story?"

"I think not—nay, I am sure that he has not. No one save myself knows that you two ever met until he saw you at N——'s Theatre."

"Then," said Aileen, with a face like marble, "to-morrow my fate will be in your hands."

Meeting Selwyn after the interview, the latter asked Grant if he had seen Aileen.

"Yes," replied Grant moodily; "I am to receive my answer to-morrow."

"And I mine to-night. Old man, I am sorry for you, after a fashion; but don't you see that to-morrow she will refer you to me?"

Matt Grant, surveying his rival contemptuously, said only "Wait."

And they had no need to wait long. All that evening Alf Selwyn was faithful at his post, in the green-room at N——'s; but Aileen flitted in and out again, and never gave him an opportunity for speaking with her. At last, as N——'s fair coryphees were executing their final twirl prior to the going-down of the curtain for the last time, Rose of the trapeze whispered in his ear:

"Aileen says you are to walk home with her. She will meet you at the stage-door."

Without waiting for his reply, Rose glided away.

The boarding-house Aileen called her home was but a few blocks removed from the theatre, and the way lay past high buildings and ended in a row of trees shading the pavement, and casting a ghostly gloom over two vacant lots, reserved by one of the landed proprietors of the city for the site of a fine residence by-and-bye.

Under the shadow of these trees Aileen and Selwyn sauntered, and what passed between them on that last walk together no one else ever knew. At the door they parted, and the face of the girl was death-white, but awfully calm.

Alf Selwyn retraced his steps slowly, thoughtfully, and his face was not that of a triumphant man; back alone under the blackness of the whispering trees he went. The street was silent, deserted, and the shadow flitting behind him was a noiseless one.

The night was very calm, and a pistol-shot, followed by a cry of mortal agony, woke the echoes, and roused the drowsy inmates of Mrs. Vine's boarding-house. The first to come rushing down the stairs were two of madam's gentlemen boarders, and they found Aileen Lorne clinging to the door-post, and gazing out into the night with a ghastly face.

"Hasten," she said; "someone is hurt, and—Mr. Selwyn has just gone that way;" she pointed wildly in the direction of the trees, and then flew up the stairs to her own room.

Matt Grant felt no desire to visit the theatre that night, and so he remained at his hotel, smoking, thinking, pondering over the strange words and manner of the girl he loved, and consulting his watch from time to time, impatient for the return of Selwyn and the news he might bring. Smoking, he sat and listened for the expected footstep, and so his quick ear caught the trampling of many feet, and they walked heavily as if supporting a burden. They paused, they entered the house, and he started up and went out into the hall.

Halfway down the stairs he met the night-clerk, who said:

"I was coming for you," and turned and went down quietly.

Matthew Grant approached the group of men and gazed down upon their burden. Before him lay his rival, with fixed, glassy eyes and pulseless, blood-stained breast.

"Shot by an unknown hand." This was the verdict, and they could find no one whom they could with any reason suspect.

Matt Grant did not apply for his answer the following day, and at night neither of the two who had been such constant patrons was to be seen at N——'s, but Aileen Lorne sang like a nightingale, and the men said they never before saw her half so gay, and the women averred they had never known her before to drink so much wine.

Matt Grant closed the clods fall upon the coffin of the man who had been once his friend, and then he sought Aileen Lorne. Standing before her, he placed in her hand a tiny silver-mounted pistol, saying:

"Six weeks ago a man whom I saw laid in his grave to-day put this weapon in my hand as a gift, saying: 'I gave its fellow to a fair girl years ago—her name was Helene.' Afterwards he told me more of Helene, and read me the last letter she ever wrote him; it contained these words: 'God forgive you, and God help you if you ever cross my path again.' He *did* cross her path again, and shortly afterwards was found *dead*, and beside him the mate to this little weapon."

Aileen gazed at the pistol as if fascinated, and then said in low, firm tones:

"Have you a sister?"

"Yes," said he, and shuddered.

"If your sister were betrayed by a bad man, and then abandoned by him, what would you do?"

Her eyes were questioning his face, and he answered in a low voice:

"I would have his life."

"Of course! But a woman who has no father, no brother, no protector, must submit to her wrongs or be branded. A man who avenges a sister's wrongs does a grand action; a woman who avenges her own does—murder."

She shuddered as she uttered that last word, but it was spoken in a firm tone, and her eyes never left his face.

"God help you and me," he said. "I am neither your judge nor accuser. What can I do for you?"

"Go your way and be happy."

"Happy! That is not quite possible now," smiling sadly. "Aileen, I knew that he waited for your answer that night, and if you had given yourself to him again he should have done you justice or answered to me. I had in my heart what is on your hands, Aileen ——" His voice broke, and he buried his face in his hands.

She came near him, and her voice had never sounded so tender to his ears:

"My friend, my friend, I am not worthy your grief. Leave this place and forget me. If any power on earth could have stayed my hand it would have been you; but I had lived for my revenge—and—I could never have been your wife with that man on earth to triumph over *you* because of me and what I had been to him. I have kept the vow I made five years ago, and now you know the barrier that separated us, and must forever. Living or dead, that man would still stand between us, and now we must not meet again; but, separated as we must be, I am yours, Matthew Grant, body and soul, for my life is in your hands, and I am *glad*. My lost, lost friend, farewell!"

She bowed her head until her lips touched the hand pressed before his face. Then he heard the door close softly, and when he lifted his head Matt Grant was alone. The next morning he was on his way to the far West, carrying with him a little silver-mounted pistol.

Much to the disappointment of Manager N——, Aileen Lorne refused to renew her engagement, and so the theatre lost its fairest face and sweetest voice. But in other places the voice sings sweet as of old, and the Sphinx face charms and puzzles many who gaze and wonder what can be the secret hidden behind that fair mask of frozen calm, and those eyes, deep, sombre and sadly beautiful.

Sometimes the citizens who dwell near the scene of this silent tragedy recall the murder, and vaguely wonder who killed Alf Selwyn; but they will never know, for the secret rests with her who did the deed, and with the man who has loved and lost her, and who holds her life in his hands.

BOB, who was called stupid, was one day working in the garden when two mechanics came up, and, thinking to have a laugh at his expense, asked him how many were present. "One hundred," said Bob. Laughing they asked how he made that out. "I'm one and you are the noughts," was Bob's reply.

STATE STATEMENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I never in the State of Maine have even taken tea,
Yet all of its inhabitants are very fond of *Me*;
About the "Old Bay State" there's something far too
strange to pass,
For all who go to Boston are sure to "go to *Mass*."
The folks in "Little Rhody" may not all be very dry,
Yet every person seems to have a fervent love for "*R. I.*"
In the centennial "Keystone State" the women and the
men
Talk proudly of their worthy "*Pa*," and also of his "*Penn*."
And even we in Gotham, with pr-specta ; rood and high,
Well know our State is always near, because of course it's
"*N. Y.*"
Far in the South, quite "*Ala.*" mode, a mighty State holds
sway,
While close beside it is another, always light and "*Ga.*"
Another one we cannot "*Miss*"—its merits well we know—
And further North large cities that are always bound to
"*O.*"
And now I think I'll cease my rhymes—no doubt you've
had your fill;
If I should take you farther West, you might be taken
"*Ill.*"

LOST BY A NECK.

In Three Chapters.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

CHAPTER I.—THE TENANT OF LEESWOOD.

There were certain circumstances connected with the early youth of Augustus Fitzmaurice, Esquire, that had deprived him of the usual educational advantages; while there were other circumstances in his subsequent career that had elevated him to the position of an English country gentleman. When introduced to the reader he had been three years the tenant of Leeswood Chase, at once the Sphinx of the surrounding gentry and the awe and admiration of the rustics; for he was a remarkable man—in character as in appearance. Apparently about five-and-thirty, though he was over forty, there was something snake-like in his small, glittering eye, and the clear smoothness of his skin. His stature was somewhat above the average, but his frame was cast in that mould of exact proportion which promises the extreme of strength combined with agility and endurance. Had he been caught like Milo, he would have writhed himself out of the trap with the sinuous persistency of a snake. In a word, there was apparent in his face a sculptured regularity of feature; in his physique, a perfect symmetry of form.

People in his district knew very little of him, except that he was liberal with his money, a judge of horseflesh, and that he rode to the hounds with the assurance and daring dash of a Don Cossack. The gentry consulted the list of landed proprietors and the "Peerage" for "points" about Augustus Fitzmaurice, without results; while a few of the more suave and condescending had endeavored to draw him out on the hunting-field, with similar barren results. He was altogether a reserved man, from nobody knew where, but whose bank account at Lock, Bolt & Grab's was reported to be a very substantial fact.

"Clearly, if a 'person' keeps twenty thousand pounds in a mere country bank, his wealth elsewhere must be large."

Thus the "genry" reasoned; but none of them were invited to Leeswood Hall, and the singular tenant declined all invitations elsewhere "for the present."

The neighboring estate was owned by Mrs. Maude Callogan, a tall, stylish, fox-hunting Amazon of twenty-five, who had broken her husband's heart and ruined herself in her mad, "devil-may-care-side" by her "unbecoming conduct"—the "conduct" in question amounting to nothing more than a penchant for cigarettes and for riding her horse over hedge and ditch like a wild girl of Tartary.

Augustus Fitzmaurice had remarked the dashing widow's peculiarities with admiration; and once when they had met on the confines of their respective lands, Mrs. Callogan had offered her hunting neighbor a cigarette, which he had accepted with a good deal of awkwardness and unusual absence of self-control. Of course this was a most unladylike thing to do under any and all circumstances. How much more, then, when Mrs. Callogan had not even a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Fitzmaurice, except in the hunting-field. To many ardent asserters of the supremacy of intellect, the divinity of the female sex and the like pretentious, this conduct of the Hon. Mrs. Callogan may seem outrageous. The habitual romance reader, too, who expects poetical justice to be done though the heavens totter, growls incredulity. But facts are facts.

"Take a cigarette, sir?" said Maude Callogan, offering a beautiful morocco case; and Augustus Fitzmaurice mumbled, blushed and fumbled. Then he turned over in his sinister jaw an unmistakable quid and said:

"Thanks, mum; I be chewing now; an' when I don't, I prefer a pipe; but I'll try one, mum, thank ye."

That was ten or twelve months ago; but all that the surrounding "gentry" knew about the incident was gathered from the fact that the lady and gentleman always bowed and smiled when they met in the hunting-fields or elsewhere. Meantime, several country belles insinuated that the bold, wealthy widow was setting her cap for Squire Fitzmaurice with all her might. You see he was very good-looking, and his bank account made him an object of general interest among mothers and their marriageable daughters. Seeing, then, that he might be scooped down upon, roped-in, and whipped and spurred into matrimony by the widow, missionary efforts were directed to Leeswood Hall. Dowagers and simpering daughters watched and dodged Mr. Fitzmaurice, and one or two matrons drove boldly to the noble portico of the hall and left their cards.

Augustus Fitzmaurice was a bold man; but the encroachments of these female conspirators alarmed him. He was ashamed of his ignorance. Out of the shooting or hunting field he had no more resources within himself than a kitten deprived of its tail. He knew no other use for books than to tear them up for cigar-lights, or occasional gun-wadding. He shrank from exposing himself by applying for instruction. But at last he had recourse to a person who combined the requisite qualifications with the essential secrecy.

Sydney Bernard's incurable habits of conviviality had prevented his worldly success. Situation after situation had slipped jovially away from him. Whenever he met with a piece of good fortune he missed it for care, and immediately drowned it in the flowing bowl. Consequently, at Leeswood Hall, in a little room now dubbed "The Study," there was daily presented the curious spectacle of the elegantly-attired "Squire" taking lessons in the rudiments of education from a seedy, snuffy individual in a rusty, fusty suit of black.

On the morning when we present the Squire to the reader he was looking out of the study window and whistling. It wanted yet two hours of noon—two mortal hours of dreary desert expanse lay before him, with a glimpse of green country beyond. He had made up his mind to visit Mrs. Callogan and offer her his hand that very day at high noon. As the Squire stood and chewed and mused, he beheld the flabby figure of Sydney Bernard approaching, and indicated by signs that he wished his approach to be silent and secret. Mr. Bernard, with a nod of intelligence, exchanged his crunching walk over the gravel for a stealthy, tripping pace, like a corpulent fairy, and came warily up the steps as if there were a herd of deer in the lobby that he intended to stalk.

"Softly," said Squire Fitzmaurice from behind the closed door, motioning him to the study; "don't let them all-fired servants hear you. If any of them drops in you just talk about Afriker or 'Frisco as afore." The Squire was very sensitive on the subject of Bernard's visits at all times, and when interrupted by any of the domestics feigned to be conversing on some matter of an entirely different nature.

"What shall we study to-day?" asked Mr. Bernard, seating himself, and putting on a pair of brass mounted spectacles.

"Why —— isn't that just what I pay you to settle? Don't I want teachin' same as you want sugar?"

Bernard colored at the coarseness of the speech, and rambled on apologetically, but his pupil was thinking about his approaching visit to the Widow Callogan, and how he should comport himself. Without speaking he rose and produced a case of bottles and a couple of glasses, at sight of which the tutor's face perceptibly brightened. Pouring out drinks, the Squire said:

"Suppose you were "mashed' now, and the lady was young and handsome and clever and rich and all that, what kind of racket—I mean; well, what would you say and do, now?"

"I should evince my partiality by glances, sighs, pressure of the hand, and all those understood tokens of passion," said Mr. Bernard without a moment's hesitation—and by way of illustration the tutor leered at the Squire from under his shaggy brows, emitting at the same time a wheezing sigh. "Having thus established an understanding, I should gradually and by delicate degrees approach the subject of love by broaching collateral and kindred topics."

"Kindred topics, eh? What, you'd praise her relations? Suppose she hadn't any?"

"Never mind," said Mr. Bernard, "talk of nuptial felicity—paint to her the delights of a union where ——"

"Why, she knows about that as well as me; she's a widder."

"Oh, indeed—a widow; why, then, I should propose at once."

"It's devilish certain, Bernard, that you talk too glibly about it to know how it is yourself. I guess you've not bin there—at least with the kind of gal I'm a speaking of. There's a kind of cursed feeling comes all over one jest as if you were going to be chawed up—torn limb from limb; and she don't help you worth a cent. What 'id you do then?"

Mr. Bernard pondered for half a minute or so, and said:

"If I feund my speech desert me, I should write a letter."

"Score a bull's-eye!" cried the Squire enthusiastically. "Come now," said he, putting a sheet of paper and a pen before his adviser, "let's see what sort of a hist you'll make of it, just for the fun of the thing."

The tutor refilled his tumbler, and by its assistance concocted such an epistle as Doctor Johnson might have indited had he fallen in love with the Empress of Morocco. Then he read it aloud, Squire Fitzmaurice warmly approving, and when a fair copy had been carefully and shakily carved, the document was ready for delivery. Pending that important proceeding, the narrative dismisses Mr. Bernard and indulges in a retrospective trip.

CHAPTER II.—THE BEAST-TAMER.

Forty years before the events here chronicled, a little boy, four or six years of age, was apprenticed in New York "to learn the arts and sciences of the equestrian or circus profession." He was put through the usual routine, and taught to walk on his hands, to bend, to stand on his head, and "the split." When he was twelve he was a promising vaulter, and could do two or three somersaults at a time in that way. But he hated school-marm larnin'. He looked upon books with positive disgust, as if they had been sentient beings, personally hostile to him, and he filled such as were thrust upon him with blots and dogs' ears, or tore them up to make paper kites with. Thus it came to pass that Jim Rix grew up to be an accomplished athlete and circus-man, without being able to write his name or to read a line of print. Subsequently he drifted into the lion-taming business, and as "Ahmed, the Moorish Chief," he used to put the lions, tigers and leopards of the menagerie through some blood-curdling performances.

There was something at once barbaric and sublime in the appearance of the handsome, muscular young man in this act. The transformation effected by his colored skin and change of dress was realistic and startling; and the expression of his face, while feigning to furiously scourge the savage, snarling animals, aptly denoted that cunning audacity, that restless vigilance, and that sinuous, muscular power which might characterize a savage of Northern Africa.

Of course, women flocked to see him and watched him with hushed breath, sometimes fainting away under the mingled sensations of ecstatic admiration and tingling fear. Had he not, unfortunately, been "unacquainted with a single word of English," as the bills and posters of the day veraciously expressed it, what a flood of flattering, affectionate and solicitous missives would have beset him!

Inside the Combination Circus and Menagerie he had also a passionate admirer, who was not unacquainted with the smooth, white skin, and the knowledge of the vernacular that lay beneath his African disguise. Strong in her passions as in her superb physique, Mlle. Louise Vardonne's sleep was often broken and restless in consequence of Ahmed; and the visions of the night recalled the beast-tamer in his maddening beauty, poising himself in the thrilling act with the six leopards. Her infatuation grew into an absorbing frenzy. She could not understand her feelings, and she almost believed herself bewitched. She had tasted of Love's cup; but this intense and passionate longing she had never felt before. It was not sensual; it was emotional.

On a memorable day when he was all alone and asleep in his dressing-tent, the hot Summer sky above, the gently flapping, dreamy canvas around, she stole in and bent over him, with burning eyeballs and wildly beating heart. Lower and lower, nearer and nearer bent her dainty head to meet the athletic beast-tamer's; and as he stirred in his sleep, and a quiet smile flickered over his unconscious countenance, her lips clung to his in one loving and impassioned kiss.

He awoke! There was a tableau that must be left to the imagination.

The beast-tamer and the equestrienne, some little time afterwards, were married. When a woman's love is thrown at a man he seldom cherishes it much or long. It was so in this instance. He often treated his wife to the sort of discipline he was accustomed to bestow on the animals, and the same result followed in both cases. Like the felines, if she did not become more affectionate, she at least grew more docile. Like most ignorant and illiterate people, wherever found, Ahmed, otherwise Jim Rix, was superstitious. He believed in signs and omens as firmly as any policy-playing negro. From certain dreams it had grown to be a conviction in his mind that unless he got out of the animal business within a certain specified time, he would be made a mangled corpse in the tigers' den.

"If I was only rich!" he kept saying to himself, as he saw the piles of money in the treasurer's office.

When they were tenting in Buffalo he tried his hand with the "Green Tiger," and came off a winner. For a week after he gambled every night, and dissipated every cent of his wife's savings and his own. Next pay-day he took his wife's salary and his own and bought tickets in the Havana lottery. His craving for wealth had become a mania begotten of superstition and a conscious lack of education.

Fate is as capricious as a coquette. When the drawing was announced Jim found himself worth a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, less the percentages. Neither by smile nor syllable did he indicate his luck to a single soul. But that night, when his act came and the dens were wheeled into the cirque, there was no beast-tamer and no Mlle. Louise! In her safety for her lost "Moorish chief," Mlle. Vardonne twice slipped off in her "daring bareback act," and the air around the circus-boss was blue with blasphemy.

For two days afterwards there was no clue to the man's singular disappearance, but on the third the police had some important news. The clothes of a man had been found two miles above Niagara Falls. It was supposed that the man had gone in to bathe, ignorant of the subtle but terrific force of the current, and so had been swept down the rapids and over the falls. Mlle. Vardonne identified the clothes and the silver watch as her husband's property, and mourned him as if he had been the embodiment of all the masculine perfections and an angel of light.

The reader, of course, has no difficulty in identifying the whilom beast-tamer and bogus victim of drowning with Augustus Fitzmaurice, already introduced. The latter had elaped before he had left his ordinary clothes on a July midnight on the bank of the Niagara River. It is not nec

AMUSEMENT ANNALS---CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XI.

THE AMERICAN GRIMALDI.

George L. Fox, who died in Cambridge, Mass., on Oct. 24, was born in Hanover street, Boston, on July 3, 1825. His theatrical career began when he was a mere child. His mother, who still lives in Cambridge, was attached to the Tremont Theatre, Boston, and at that house young Fox figured as the child to Edwin Forrest's Metamora, and as the Duke of York to the Richard III of Junius Brutus Booth at the period when the elder tragedian's conduct was so markedly erratic as to suggest the idea of his absolute lunacy. It was while playing his familiar Ludovico in "Evadne" that Booth suddenly addressed the audience thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I really don't know this part. I studied it only once before, much against my inclination. I will read the part, and the play shall go on. By your leave the play shall go on, and Mr. Wilson shall read the part for me." At last, after having been a laughing-stock for nearly two hours, he was led off the stage, shouting as he went: "I can't read; I am a charity-boy; I can't read. Take me to the Lunatic Hospital!" Fox's first bow from behind the footlights of the Tremont Theatre was as the child in "The Hunter of the Alps," for the benefit of Charles Kean. This was while the late George H. Barrett, who joined the company in January, 1830, and continued the stage-management on Sept. 6, was in charge behind the curtain. As Kean began on Nov. 22, 1830, and closed on the 26th, it was probably on the latter date (Friday) that Fox appeared.

That period (1830) in the history of the American stage was a great one for prodigies in Boston. There were Master Burke the "Irish Roscius," Miss and Master Russell (Mrs. Geo. P. Farren and her since deceased brother), Master Baker and others. Mr. and Mrs. Booth, who were not prodigies, also took advantage of the furor for actors in embryo, and appeared in "Richard III." This Mr. Booth was thirty-nine years old, and but thirty-six inches high; while Mrs. Booth was twenty-five years of age, and thirty-two inches in height. Much of Master Fox's youth was passed upon the stage at night, while attending the Mayhew School in the daytime. He showed no special adaptability for footlight life, however, and when he grew too large for children's parts he became an errand-boy, and afterwards clerk for a merchant-tailor on Washington street, with whom he continued until about 1843. Meanwhile his sister Caroline and his brothers James and Charles Kemble had earned repute in the New England States as the Fox Children; and it is noteworthy that in the Summer of 1840, at what was then called the Vaudeville Saloon (formerly Boylston Hall), they furnished the only entertainment accessible to the Bostonians. We first hear of George Fox again as traveling in New England in 1844-5, and next in Providence, R. I., to which city his folks moved, and where he was a manager from 1846 to 1850, in conjunction with his brother-in-law George C. Howard. At first their company occupied Brown Hall, on South Main street, whence they went to Cleveland Hall, on North Main street. They also played their company in Worcester, Mass., and other New England cities. At least in name, they retired from the management of Cleveland Hall in July, 1850, but they continued to play there for some months under the announced management of E. W. Bradbury, who had been their leading man. From Providence Fox came to this city, where he first appeared Nov. 25, 1850, as Christopher Strap in the farce of "A Pleasant Neighbor," at the National Theatre, Chatham street, of which theatre A. H. Purdy had become manager, and James (Irish) Anderson the stage-manager. Fox succeeded Joseph Jefferson, who with his wife and Charles Burke had gone across the East River to open the Brooklyn Museum under the lesseeship of F. S. Chanfrau. He remained at the National until towards the close of the season of 1857-8, when he had a disagreement with Manager Purdy and withdrew. During his seven years' stay there he made many low-comedy parts peculiarly his own. Apart from his Christopher Strap, his Wormwood in "The Lottery Ticket" which he played so late as Feb. 27, 1875, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia) and his Tobias Shortcut in "The Spitfire" were without superiors. The amount of work he did was herculean, his "study" was amazing. Except during the long run of his version of the American version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which he originally personated Phineas Fletcher to his brother Charley's Gumption Cute, and afterwards doubled it with Deacon Perry or Lawyer Marks (we forget which), he and Miss Anna Hathaway, now living at the West, were each required to play two or three parts a night, and occasionally four. There was a change of bill nightly in ordinary seasons, and it was seldom that any one piece ran a week, as, no matter how successful it proved, it would be interrupted for a "benefit" performance at least, and in those days there were, on an average, fifty-two "benefits" a year at the Chatham Theatre. The wonder is that his brain did not give way before. It was at this house that he first manifested his capacity for pantomime, in December of 1850 producing "The Golden Axe," and later bringing out "Magic Hands" and others; but it was at the two Bowery Theatres that he made his greatest mark in pantomime, and at the Olympic that he first coined money therein. He was the greatest favorite of all the low-comedians that ever appeared at the little National Theatre, and among these were Charles Burke, Joseph Jefferson, S. Barry, John Herbert, John Winans, Charles Mestayer, Benedict De Bar and (oddly though it may sound) William Rufus Blake. The pale, serious face of Fox is not to be seen coming out of the Chatham, either at the main entrance or through the stage-door in Roosevelt street, for him to be followed by a host of worshiping urchins. The cane he was wont to carry was no novelties to drive them away, and the Chatham street towards Division and Allen would move the noisy procession, unless, as occasionally happened, a fight occurred among two or more of his followers as to whether his name was George Washington Lafayette Fox, or George Washington Leroy. It was the former. About twenty-four years ago he dropped the "W." from his name in the playbills, wherein when he first played in this city it was "Lafayette Fox."

The Chatham went gradually to pieces after he left it in July, 1858. On Aug. 7 he and the late James W. Lingard opened the Bowery Theatre, where Fox had appeared as far back as Dec. 15, 1854, for Mrs. T. D. Yeoman's benefit, as Paddy the Piper. Here he reconstructed the pantomimes of "The Golden Axe," "Asphodel," "The Seven" and scored a hit as Blueskin in "Jack Sheppard," and as Pow-Hat-Tan I to the Pocahontas of Fanny Herring, who is playing it yet. While managing the Bowery, in the Summer of 1859, he instituted a series of outdoor festivals and balloon ascensions at Jones' Wood, which were conducted on too large a scale to prove highly remunerative. Leaving the Old Bowery to the joint managerial enterprise of J. H. Allen and G. C. Boniface, Fox & Lingard, on Sept. 5, 1859, opened the newly-built theatre on the block above, which the New Bowery was, losing some time and a little means to spare, in the Winter of 1860-1 he made a flank movement from the New Bowery, and put a party on the road, with himself as the mainstay, to play "The Octoroon." They came back rapidly, having got as far as Boston. Leasing the old Museum of Music while still managing the New Bowery, he and Lingard on Dec. 12, 1861, introduced to the American public the Hanlon Brothers in their then astonishing feat of "Zampillacrostation," backing in with a Fox and Lingard Burlesque called "L'Oger." There was not much money in this scheme, in spite of its managerial grandeur. On March 22, 1862, he and Lingard dissolved partnership as managers of the New Bowery Theatre, which Lingard continued, and Burton's and the Bowery Theatres in February and March of 1854. On March 10, 1868, he brought out "Humpty Dumpty" for the first time on the west side of town, where it had 483 consecutive representations. It was withdrawn May 15, 1869, revived from Aug. 31, 1871, to June 11, 1873, and again from Feb. 17, 1873, to June 7, always with Fox as the feature. It was revived there again on April 17, 1876, but he was not in it. At the close of the original run of "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic, he brought out "Hickory Diccory Dock" on May 18, 1869. It introduced the Kiralfys to the American public, and ran until Sept. 6, when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was revived, Fox doing Deacon Perry at first and afterwards Lawyer Marks. It ran five weeks, and then followed a series of comedy characters—Ferguson Trotter ("The Writing on the Wall"), Paul Pry, Jacques Strop ("Robert Macaire"), Aminidab Sleek and Tobias Shortcut. From Feb. 14 to April 16, 1870, he played Hamlet in T. C. De Leon's new burlesque, and from April 18 to May 7 Macbeth in a new burlesque of that tragedy, which, given with all of Locke's original music, closed the season. On Aug. 22, when Mrs. James A. Oates' Troupe brought out "Little Faust" there, he played the ancient spinster, Martha, evoking about the only laughs which complimented that bit of bouffe throughout its run. On Oct. 5, 1870, he devised another pantomime—"Wee Willie Winkie." It ran until Feb. 6, 1871, when it was succeeded by the burlesque of "Richelieu of the Period," in which he played G. L. Armand Jean Des Etats Unis, otherwise Richelieu. It was superseded on March by Aug. Daly's "Horizon," in which Fox played Sundown Bowse, Esq.; and a revival of "Jack Sheppard," in which he personated Owen Wood, closed his labors for the season. He terminated the season of 1871-2 at the Olympic with the 100th performance there of "Humpty Dumpty," and his only appearances there in that of 1872-3 were from Feb. 17 to June 7, in that pantomime, as elsewhere stated. On Aug. 19, 1873, when Daly opened the Grand Opera-house with "Midsummer-night's Dream," Fox, who was then engaged at $400 per week, played Bottom; and there, on Nov. 25, he produced "Humpty Dumpty Abroad," which was performed seventy-nine times. His long engagement at that house ended on March 14, 1874. He then canceled his protracted contract with John A. Duff, the real lessee of the Olympic Theatre, who had sublet him to Aug. Daly; and on April 6, with "Humpty Dumpty at Home," he opened the Globe Theatre as Fox's Broadway Theatre, he being the manager and S. A. Swaim the proprietor. The season closed May 16. It had been unsuccessful, and the loss naturally fell upon Fox. Afterwards he traveled with Fox's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe, as he had done before. It may be mentioned, since Boston witnessed his first appearance on the stage, that he fulfilled engagements at the Boston Theatre in 1869, at the Globe in 1872, at the Howard Athenæum in 1874, and at the Museum in 1875. On Oct. 25, 1875, at Booth's Theatre, this city, in "Humpty Dumpty in Every Clime," he began his final engagement, which was ended summarily on Nov. 2. Having for some time given evidence of dementia, he was that night taken to Boston to be placed in the Insane Asylum at Somerville, Mass. His ailment has been ascribed to the use of a cosmetic for preparing the face, and to his having been accidentally struck on the nose while playing in a Western city. It is quite as likely that his brain—lacking adequate nourishment by reason of a physique that, despite a frame of more than average size, was manifestly feeble as early as 1855—was weakened by protracted attacks at Chatham Theatre many years ago, and that his non-success in business, together with the death of his brother Charles in January of 1875, preyed upon his mind and developed softening of the brain, just as financial losses, and the fear of dying poor, worried Ben De Bar into mental disease. Fox left the Olympic Theatre worth $80,000, and when he reached Booth's Theatre in 1875 he was almost as poor as a church-mouse.

In the Autumn of 1876 he was removed from the asylum and taken to his home in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was thought at one time that he might recover, but in March, while walking in Fort Greene, he was stricken with paralysis, and soon afterwards he was removed to his sister's residence, Cambridge, Mass. Since then he had had but two or three lucid intervals.

His career as a pantomimist has been amply reviewed. As an actor of burlesque he had few equals. As the representative of "The Coarse-haired Brothers" at the Chatham Theatre in 1851, of Jack Slade at the two Bowery Theatres later, of John C. Heenan (to C. K. Fox's Sayers) in the spectacle of "The Bronze Donkey," of Richard III at the Grand Opera-house (Poor Benefit, Feb. 19, 1874, when Fred Yokes played Richmond), of the Colleen Bawn at the Winter Garden, Dolly Sothern's, in 1862, and of Camille to Fanny Herring's Armand, he attested this. As a comedian simply, he had been singled out for special work in the old comedies at Castle Garden and the Academy of Music, as well as elsewhere, on great occasions between 1852 and 1865. From first to last, while he had been seen as Bermudas in "Under the Gaslight," Trip in "School for Scandal," Mark Meddle in "London Assurance," Lawyer Gadgett in "Round the Clock," Jemmy in "Little Barefoot," and Moss Morris in Byron's "Haunted House," of which last character he was the original in America; while on the east side of town he was what is called the creator in America of hundreds of parts, among them, by way of contrast, being Pitcher in the farce of "The Area Belle" and the Duke of Hum in Beaujingor in "The Siren." This record would be far from complete were we to fail to mention that for many years he was a member of the Eighth Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., and for a time its adjutant. With that regiment on April 23, 1861, he went to Washington. On the morning of the Battle of Bull Run the battery attached to it conceived that its three months' time was up, and, spite of Captain Varian, recrossed the Potomac. The infantry remained, and, with a few exceptions among its officers, did its duty in that monotonous fight. Fox's return to this city in July was an ovation, the streets being lined with people who applauded him as they had been wont to do in the Chatham and Bowery Theatres. His ultimate rank in the regiment was that of major. Unlike too many in his profession, he was a liberal patron of liquor. When others drank in the course of their night's work, he ate; and he had a wondrous appetite for solids. In olden times he smoked but sparingly. After going to the Olympic he became much more than a moderate smoker.

He was twice married. In 1840 he wedded Miss Caroline Gould of Watertown, Mass. Almost throughout her married life she was an invalid. She died in New Haven, Ct., on Sept. 21, 1868, and it was then that Fox, shedding tears, made known to friends who had seemed a strange proceeding in a man of his disposition, that he had married Miss Haven, but had not been permitted to see his dead wife—all he could exact was the privilege of defraying the funeral expenses. Emily Caroline Fox—his only child, we believe, until he married again, died in this city on Feb. 18, 1861, in her fourteenth year. Husband and wife had not lived together for several years prior to her death, and in this city, on Oct. 18, 1868, he married Miss Mattie Temple, then a ballet-girl at the Olympic Theatre. She survives, and he leaves one child—a daughter, eight years old.

WILLIAM H. PASTOR,

of late years familiar to the public as a vocalist of the type of Sig. Brignoli, represented by his brother Tony, died suddenly on Oct. 23 from shock due to an attempted but uncompleted surgical operation. The deceased was a native of this city, and, according to the funeral notice, was born on Aug. 6, 1840. In boyhood he became a pupil of Mr. Nathans (now the elder). When he was he started out is unknown to us. It was probably from this city. We first saw him at the Bowery Amphitheatre during the season of 1852-3, the whole of which he spent there. His brother Frank was then doing somersaults and balancing on the backs of a horse, Billy was tumbling, and Tony was chiefly interested in leading off foot-races wherein the boys of the Bowery and Elizabeth and Chrystie streets strove for a silver cup or a fire-trumpet. As early as 1848, however, Billy was traveling with Nathan's Circus, Dehn's Circus, and he was probably with it some years before that. He was with Nathans eleven consecutive years, at all events. In 1853-4 he was traveling South with Washburn's Circus, and standing on his head on a pole thirty feet high. In 1857 he was with Mahew's Circus, on the old Bull's Head, in the Fall of 1858 he was back in New York with Nixon & Kemp's Circus, which opened at Palace Garden on Oct. 25. It came to an end on Nov. 27, 1858, and on the 30th William and Tony Pastor made their bow to Bandy Shands, Nathan & Co. at Broadway Theatre. In the following year the younger brother went to Spain, making his debut in Cadiz on July 4, 1860, as an acrobat. He also visited Gibraltar, and went from Genoa to Turin, Florence and Milan. Returning to this city in the Spring of 1861, he opened at the Bowery Theatre, on the 15th of April, as a vocalist. He then went to London again and entered into a copartnership with the Lentons, gymnasts, whom he played in China, India, etc., in 1866. While in Shanghae, he conceived the idea of taking a troupe of Japanese gymnaste to Australia. He took them there, and met with success. Afterwards he was connected with various English and Italian opera troupes, and also with Robert Heller the magician. His last tour with Heller began at Bombay in October, 1871, whence he took him by rail across Central India, arriving at Peshawur, in Punjaub, Hindostan, Dinapore, and Calcutta, where he played him from November to the middle of January, 1872, going thence to Ceylon, Hong Kong, Shanghae, Singapore, Batavia, Java, Soolo (residence of the Emperor), and Djola Karta, the Sultan's domain. In October Heller went to England, and Smith returned to Australia, where in the interim he had managed several troupes. About Aug. 26, 1876, he arrived in San Francisco on a brief visit to the Pacific States. Since his return to Australia he had been in poor health, and had accumulated years and diminished success in his managerial ventures rendered him crusty. No one but John Washington Smith could do his history anything like justice.

MISS LOUISE ANDERSON

—In the domestic circle Mrs. H. W. Johnston, and highly esteemed in private and in professional life—died of cancer in Boston on Oct. 24. She is reputed to have begun her dramatic career as an amateur, appearing at the Boston Museum, in the Autumn of 1858, as Herminie in a Saturday-night performance of "Love's Sacrifice." She continued *en amateur* until the opening of the season of 1861-2, when she is said to have adopted a professional life by joining the stock at the Museum. There she filled a utility position until the ensuing Spring, when, it is furthermore said, she went to Howard Athenæum under Henry E. Willard's management, and supported Frank Chanfrau in Dundreary. The piece "Our American Cousin at Home, or Lord Dundreary Abroad," written by Charles Gayler, was not produced by Chanfrau until Aug. 27, 1863, and not then in the United States. Besides this, W. M. Fleming and Wyzeman Marshall were alternately lessees of the Howard throughout 1861, and Henry Willard, who had been its manager about two years before, did not resume there until May 18, 1863, when Miss Anderson was announced piece, made his first appearance in Boston in three years. Hence Miss Anderson either began her professional career in 1862, or she was two seasons at the Museum. Finally, she could not have begun that career at the opening of the season of 1862-3, when she went to the volunteers at the New Bowery Theatre, April 25, 1862, for the benefit of J. W. Lingard. In the Summer of 1863 she was, no doubt, the Miss Louise Anderson who, with Lizzie, was traveling with Dan Rice's Circus; and in the Fall of 1863 Howard Athenæum reopened on Aug. 24 for the season of 1863-4, and she was of the stock, where she remained two or three seasons. Selwyn's Boston Theatre was originally opened on Oct. 27, 1867, and she was of its inaugural stock, as Rose Dutton. Upon the Selwyns, who seeks to marry his son Alexander to Bessie Bryce. His sham affection for her father so impresses Mrs. Lennox that she asks him and his son to sleep in the house. Percy is compelled to go to a hotel, and see everything in his home turned topsy-turvy. Determined to be rid of these guests, he takes for them a furnished house, and so exposes himself to more persecution. The house he takes belongs to a famous dancer. His visits to it are watched, and the blood-suckers who have fastened upon him find him guilty of an intrigue, and drive his wife to the verge of separation. In the end he is taken possession of them, shows them the perfidy of the Fumbletons, receives the confidence of his wife, and induces the intruding couple to accept the house he has settled upon them.

"SILAS BRUTON,"

a drama from the pen of Henry Hayman, who has given to it the additional title of "The Murder at the Old Crook Farm," was brought out at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, London, Oct. 6. The plot follows:

Mr. Wilson, a gentleman who has dealings with a gang of smugglers, while waiting at the "Old Crook Farm," is murdered by Silas Bruton, whose first intent is robbery only. Circumstantial evidence points to Thomas Armstrong, the farmer, and he, with his wife Martha, is at once accused. They are brought to trial before a Judge and four jurymen. The witnesses are cross-examined by the counsel for the defense—a counsel in top-boots, who, by the way, is reminded by the Judge to "cut it short." The Judge "sums up" in this style: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, I know your time is valuable, and I don't propose to waste any of it. What we have to consider is, whether the foreman has no hesitation in the matter. His mind was made up long ago, and so, without even turning his head to consult his three brethren in the box, he at once replies: "Guilty, my lord." Sentence is immediately passed, and poor old Armstrong and his wife are condemned to be hanged. In the meantime a young fellow named Frederick Bertram, firmly convinced of the innocence of the accused ones, and equally convinced of the guilt of Silas, has been engaged in hunting him down, and at last succeeds in bringing his man to earth on Hampstead Heath. The Home Secretary at the moment happens to be taking a "constitutional" in the neighborhood, and the pursuer, who has followed with a sheaf of pens and ink, prepared to take a deposition and confession in short-hand. The Home Secretary has a few minutes before—dine on Hampstead Heath—done already, and for Bruton's female accomplice in crime. A reprieve is at once prepared, and Frederick Bertram hastens to the house of Armstrong, only to arrive too late for the consummation. The gallows is erected; the prisoners are pinioned; the executioner stands awaiting his victims; the clock shows that the fatal hour is close at hand. But the Lord Lieutenant is deaf to all prayers and petitions for delay, and takes no heed of the fact that a horseman is seen in the distance galloping his hardest, and waving a paper in the air. He wants only a few minutes to save a life, it seems as though it were "all up" with Armstong and his wife. But we have reckoned without the comic man of the company, who pops in with a gun, and, taking aim at the clock, fires, and puts a stop to its progress. How is the Lord Lieutenant to know the time without the clock? Delay is consequently unavoidable, and the innocent ones are set free; the executioner is robbed of a day's work, and amid general rejoicing the curtain falls.

"TWO HUNDRED A YEAR,"

a one-act comedietta, by A. F. Pinero, was first acted at the Globe Theatre, London, Oct. 6. The simple story is as follows:

One Jack Meadows, a man about town, with an income of two hundred a year, marries a lady with great expectations. After the marriage the young lady openly confesses that she has no affection nor her husband, and intends to make a settlement upon him, and as little of him as possible, her only object in marriage being to secure herself perfect freedom of action. But a change comes over the lady when a solicitor's clerk arrives to tell her that her aunt's will cannot be found, but that possibly there may be no fortune for her after all. The good nature and genuine affection of Jack is shown in his running for the doctor on the first hint, and in his and make her happy even upon two hundred a year. The wife relents, and sees how much more generous and true-hearted Jack was than she had supposed him to be; they are not called upon to live upon so small an income, for the aunt's will is ultimately found, and all ends happily. The piece appeared in the role of Jack, and Miss Compton was the heroine.

"THE WEARING OF THE GREEN,"

a three-act drama, which is the production of Lynch Downey, was presented at the Victoria Theatre, London, Oct. 1. The plot is as follows:

Talbot O'Moore, while wearing the uniform of a captain in his regiment, is also regarded as the leader of the Whiteboys, who deal extensively in treason. This fact becoming known to Major Ireton, who is the rival of Talbot for the hand of the pretty Lady Talbot, he determines to turn it to account, and, by arresting and disgracing the favored lover, to make easy his own pathway to the lady's affections. Among the Major's men, however, there is a Tony O'Driscoll, more daring than the rest. Tony not only saves the gallant O'Moore, but watches over his sweetheart, for Letty is decoyed by a letter which purports to come from her lover, but which is the concoction of a mean little scoundrel—one Murtough Farrell, who has first given information against O'Moore. Poor Letty falls into the trap, visits the "Lover's Leap," and is in danger of rough usage at the hands of Farrell. She hides behind the rocks, and the informer presently drags forth someone clothed after her fashion, and, of course, supposed to be her. This is the mischievous and wary Tony, the sight of whom sends Murtough into paroxysms of terror. But Tony seizes him by the collar, drags him to the top of a rock, and hurls him into the foaming waters below. Of course, matters are set right for the lovers in the end.

"FAMILY TIES,"

a dramatization from the French by F. C. Burnand, was first offered to the patrons of the Strand Theatre, London, Sept. 29. The story is briefly:

Percy Lennox of the Stock Exchange is in the first throes of married felicity when he fabricates a few comes upon his hands a ruined man from unwise speculations. With him he brings not only a wife who is sour-grained and meddlesome, but an unmarried daughter. His sister-in-law Percy finds a pleasant addition to the household. Her father is one of those men who, on the strength of poverty, become exacting, and he rewards his son-in-law with perpetual insult. Of Mrs. Barton Joyce it may be said, "As the husband is the wife is" Their impertinences and insults, however, are accepted blandly enough by the long-suffering brother-in-law, whose chief desire is to please his wife, and she so far is wholly on the side of her parents. In the suite of these distressed creatures comes, however, a certain Mr. Pumbleton, who seeks to marry his son Alexander to Bessie Bryce. His sham affection for her father so impresses Mrs. Lennox that she asks him and his son to sleep in the house. Percy is compelled to go to a hotel, and see everything in his home turned topsy-turvy. Determined to be rid of these guests, he takes for them a furnished house, and so exposes himself to more persecution. The house he takes belongs to a famous dancer. His visits to it are watched, and the blood-suckers who have fastened upon him find him guilty of an intrigue, and drive his wife to the verge of separation. In the end he is taken possession of them, shows them the perfidy of the Fumbletons, receives the confidence of his wife, and induces the intruding couple to accept the house he has settled upon them.

"CHAMPAGNE, A QUESTION OF PHIZ,"

a new burlesque by H. B. Farnie and R. Reece, has been brought out at the Strand Theatre, London. The plot is thus told:

The heroine, the Countess of Clicquot, seems to have not a few attributes of the Grande Duchesse, while the adventures of Clicquot, Count of Champagne, and Rumtum, her family minister, seem suggested by three separate ballads "The Minstrel Boy," "Gayly the Troubadour," and "The Twins." As hereditary champion, Clicquot is called upon to go to fight. Being old and sore, he is reluctant to do so. He compels Rumtitum to personate him, and he stays at home. While Rumtitum wins laurels in the wars and comes home crowned with glory, Clicquot contemplates at leisure the flirtations of his wife with the Chevalier de la Mayonnaise, a former sweetheart, with her pace Vanilla, and with others. He is able, however, to prevent matters becoming serious, and in the end the various characters are duly paired, with no such sacrifice of propriety as at one time seemed imminent.

THE TURF.

BALTIMORE RACES.

Four Important Events—Ten Broeck Beaten.

At the Fall meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club, held last week at Pimlico Park, four of the most important racing events of the season were decided. These were the Dixie, Breckenridge and Bowie Stakes, and the two miles and a half steeplechase race in which Tom Ochiltree, Parole, and the great Western turf champion Ten Broeck were engaged. The Dixie Stakes was run on Tuesday, Oct. 23, and is for three year-old colts and fillies, entrance $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,500 added by the Jockey Club, of which $200 went to the second horse, and the third to save his stake. The distance was two miles, and seven out of the sixty-four nominations came to the post; the value of the stake was $5,600. The starters were the Kentucky colt King Faro, Major Barker and St. James, from Colonel McDaniel's stable; Susquehanna and Mineola, from Mr. Belmont's stable; Gov. Bowie's Oriole and Mr. Hall's Dick Sassser. Up to within a few days of the race Mr. Pierre Lorillard was generally supposed to have this rich stake at his mercy, for among his entries were those three proved flyers—Hasil, the winner of the Jersey Derby and Somerset Stakes; Parole, winner of the Withers Stake; and Zoo Zoo, who had swept off most of the three year-old filly stakes of the season. But the uncertainty of the turf is proverbial, and on the day of the race the apparently formidable stable of Pierre Lorillard was left without a representative, the above three horses having gone amiss. King Faro's supporters succeeded, at the Louisville meeting, that the Kentuckians were sanguine he would win the Dixie here, and they freely backed him against the entire field at even money. The track was slow and heavy, Hall mitted the favorite, King Faro, who galloped his opponents to a stand-still, and won with the greatest ease by a length in the slow time of 3:58. Tom Ochiltree was second, Susquehanna third, and Oriole fourth. The Dixie Stakes was first won by Mr. Sanford's Preakness, in 1870, when it was called the Dinner-party Stakes, and of 23 starters, each $1,000, the winning horse was Col. McDaniel won it with Harry Bassett and Hubbard; Tom Bowling won it in 1873; that great mare Vandalite in 1874; Tom Ochiltree in 1875; Vigil, who was sold out of Col. McDaniel's stables a few days prior to the race, in 1876, and King Faro now adds his name to the roll of winners. It has been won by Eastern horses five times, and three times by Western horses. The same day the Central Stakes for two-year-olds, worth $2,030, was won by Mr. George Lorillard's Duke of Magenta after a splendid struggle with his brother Pierre Lorillard's fine filly Pique and three others.

On Wednesday, Oct. 24, was run the great steeplechase race of $500 each, two miles and a half, with $1,000 added by the Jockey Club, for which Frank Harper's Ten Broeck, 5yrs.; George Lorillard's Tom Ochiltree, 5yrs. (each carrying 114lbs.), and Pierre Lorillard's Parole, 5yrs., 105lb. were the contestants. Repeated efforts had been made during the season to bring about a meeting between the renowned Kentucky crack and Tom Ochiltree, but owing to Mr. Harper's unwillingness to bring his horse East, and a similar unwillingness on Mr. Lorillard's part to travel West, they had proved fruitless. After Tom Ochiltree had defeated Parole at Saratoga, Mr. Harper's fear of the Eastern crack seemed to disappear suddenly, and on $5,000 a-side and the championship Ten Broeck to Baltimore to run in the four-mile heats for the Bowie Stakes, for which race both the Messrs. Lorillard's nominations were left in. The Western horse was to running the little horse Parole such a severe race as four-mile heats, yet he expressed his readiness to enter in a sweepstakes of $500 each, or more, with Ten Broeck and Tom Ochiltree, in a race of two miles and a half. The owners of the latter horses promptly agreed, and the race was fixed for the Saturday of the Baltimore meeting (Tuesday), without any special provision for a good track. The course proved to be heavy on that day, and Messrs. Harper and Thomas (who were associated in another race for a sweepstakes of Ten Broeck to accept $300 from Mr. Pierre Lorillard to postpone the race until the following day (Wednesday). The weather proved favorable for the race, the sun shining bright and clear, while the attendance was the largest ever seen on Pimlico Course, fully 15,000 people being within the enclosure. Thousands were admitted without the payment of the admission-fee, for the supply of tickets was speedily exhausted, and eventually the gates were thrown open. The confusion attending a large crowd of strangers from Washington was present, embracing the entire Kentucky members, while some of the best families of Maryland, New York and Pennsylvania were represented. Mr. George Lorillard was unfortunate above the rest, sentee, through illness, and although he knew his horse, Tom Ochiltree, had been coughing for twenty-four hours previous, and was not thoroughly fit to run, he telegraphed his trainer, Wyndham Walden, to start him by all means, so as not to destroy the interest in the race. Barbee, as usual, was in the saddle, Barrett piloted Parole, and Walker had the mount on Ten Broeck, he having ridden him in all his great time races. The track was good, but far from fast, as the time made plainly showed. The betting, selling, both auction and mutual, was enormously heavy; in the latter a total of 3,935 tickets were sold on this race, amounting to $19,675, the commission on which was over $1,000. At the auction pools, Ten Broeck, who was eagerly supported by the entire Western delegation of turfmen, sold for $1,200; Tom Ochiltree (backed heavily by New Yorkers), for $600; and Parole (who had few partisans besides his owner, who never ceased backing him through his commissioner, Mr. Perry), for $335. The judges, Messrs. Belmont, Ballton, Logan, Cook and Mc-Daniel, took their places in the stand, the bell summoned the riders to mount, and the starter, Capt. W. M. Conner, took the horses in charge to despatch them on their journey. All looked well, but the contrast in size between Parole and his two big opponents elicited much comment. To a capital start the flag fell, Ten Broeck, on the inside, at once taking the lead, for Walker's instructions were to cut out the running. Tom Ochiltree laid second, three lengths in front of Parole, who ran with a strong restraining pull. The latter was first over the half-mile post, and the horses went past the judges' stand the first time Ten Broeck led two lengths, with Ochiltree four lengths before Parole, a burst of applause from the well-dressed ladies greeting them as they passed under the wire. The first half mile was run in fifty-nine and a half seconds—too slow to suit the backers of the Kentucky horse. On the next quarter Barbee moved up on Tom Ochiltree, and reduced Ten Broeck's lead to a length, Parole held in second three lengths behind, and the back-stretch Ochiltree gained steadily at every stride, and at the half mile pole he was on even terms with the favorite, Parole the length and a-half behind. Rounding the turn in 1:53¾, which was 8 seconds slower than the Kentuckian expected their champion to run it in. For a hundred yards Tom Ochiltree and Ten Broeck ran locked together, then the big bay gradually forged to the front, and at the three-quarter pole had his opponent at his saddle-girths, Parole four lengths behind. Coming up the stretch Big Tom draws away, and, taking the whip to Ochiltree, his rival two lengths at the stand, and going so easily that his partisans exultingly proclaimed that they never would catch him in the mile and half heats. Four lengths behind Ten Broeck came Parole, running easily under a steady pull, but failing to elicit a single cheer as he passed in front of the brilliant gallery of beauty and fashion on the grand stand. Midway between the club-house and quarter-pole stood the group of Kentucky turfmen who controlled the Western champion, and one of them, his trainer, signalled Walden to go faster. Ten Broeck instantly increased his speed, reduced Big Tom's lead to a length at the quarter, and, racing with him on his haunches through the stretch, had the verdict at the half-mile pole; Parole only a length away. The time of the two miles was 3:42. As Ten Broeck again assumed the lead Barbee gave Parole a taste of the whip for the first time, and Tom Ochiltree was seen to close up the space between them. But he could not maintain the pressure, and Parole, with his sinews and fell reach, made a hard draw clear; Parole at the same time collaring Tom Ochiltree, racing with him around the bend into the home stretch, and then, under whip and spur, made a desperate rush for Ten Broeck. He soon got on even terms with the latter, raced with him to the seven-furlong pole, and, as the horses came down to the wire, he was on Ten Broeck, a thundering cry of "Parole wins!" burst from ten thousand throats. It was even so, for Parole shot past him like a meteor, and passed the judges' stand by two clear lengths, of this momentous race in 4:37¾. Ten Broeck beating Tom Ochiltree ten lengths, Barbee easing the latter when he found that he could not win. Such a scene of unmitigated excitement as followed defies description. Hats were thrown in the air and trampled under foot without a care or thought on the part of their owners. It was all that Mr. Pierre Lorillard and half-a-dozen officers could do to prevent the enthusiastic crowd dragging the victorious jockey, Barrett, off his horse and bearing him in triumph above their heads within the weighing-stand, placed in the scales, and, as the words "All right!" were pronounced, endorsing his victory, he was seized by the crowd and borne on their shoulders to the pool-stand, and there placed to receive a regular ovation from his demonstrative admirers. The ladies appeared to be equally carried away by the excitement of the men. By the terms of the race Mr. Pierre Lorillard is said to have pocketed close on $60,000, having unflinchingly backed him ever since the race was arranged. Unfortunate Parole is the property of a gelding; had he been a stallion he would have been a worthy successor at the stud to his great sire, imported Leamington, and his dam Alice Carneal. He is engaged in the Great Western Turf Association's fixtures, and on the day of the race the apparently formidable stable of Pierre Lorillard was left without a representative, the above three horses having gone amiss. King Faro's supporters succeeded, at the Louisville meeting, that the Kentuckians were sanguine he would win the Dixie here, and they freely backed him against the entire field at even money. The track was slow and heavy, Hall mitted the favorite, King Faro, who galloped his opponents to a stand-still, and won with the greatest ease by a length in the slow time of 3:58. 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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Oct. 29.

LADIES'.

Allen, Mrs. J. (of Allen Sisters) (2)
Adams, Emma
Ackerman, C. Irene (2)
Arnold, Alice
Blande, Edith
Bremond, Jennie (2)
Boshell, Louise
Buchannan, Virginia
Banks, Carlotta
Bean, Fannie
Bell, Katie
Bent, Belle
Bridger, Mrs. E.
Bernard, Lottie
Clifton, Blanche(2)
Cook, Flora
Chaprioneer, Lillian
Clifton, Blanche(of Howard's Co.)
Chambers, Augusta
Cleaver, Lillian M.
Crabtree, Lotta
Clifford, Ada date of Dallas, Tex.)
Cameron, Annie (comedienne)
Caselli, Fannie
Claxton, Kate (2)
Clarency, Venie G.
Courtright, Mrs. Julia
Delange, Lillie
Darling, Bessie
Doris, Mrs. Fannie
Dixon, Blanche
Desmond, Laura
Dare, Leona
Deland, Josie
De S—, Miss J. (traveler) (2)
Edwards, Lou
Fox, Annie, vocalist)
Foster, Pearlie (3) 43c.
Fisk, May
Fox, Annie (2)
Francis, Katie
Giddens, Mrs. Geo.
Grant, Ethel (2)
Gonzales, Fannie
Goss, Mrs. J. (2)
Graham, Tillie
Howard, Minnie
Harland, Rose
Hastings, Hattie
Hoverell, Ida H. L.
Hindle, Annie
Herbert, Florence
Hill, Mrs. Mary E
Irwin, Sidars
Kimberley, Bessie (2)
Lovelle, Eugenie
Lang, Ione
Lynwood, Ada
Lindsey, Jennie
Lamjke, Jennie S
Lahey, Mary
Lynwood or Lucille
Edwards, Ada
Markham, Pauline
Montrose, Kate
Montello, May
Morgan, Annie (of Morgan Sis.)
Mitchell, Lottie
McDermott Sisters
Mortimer, Lulu
Mansfield, Alice (p. o. m. Lon., Eng.)
McLean, Jennie
Mahretta, Mlle.
O'Neil, Kittie
Orsman, Irene
Parker, Lizzie & Georgia
Palmer, Laura
Parshall, Lo-la
Phillips, Amy
Reynolds, Vic
Roller, Mrs. Bertha
Russel, Minnie
Rainford, Minnie
Ransom, Alice
Robinson, Lizzie (of Robin. Family)
Steele, Sallie
Stanley, Maude
Shanley, Josephine
Stone, Ada
St. Felix, Madam Violetta, Mlle.
Williamson, Mrs. J. C. (2)
Winnett, Mrs Thos.
Weathersby, Eliza
Waldro, Lizzie
Whitland, Kittie
Wallace, Ada
Zittella, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams, Chas. (manager)
Allison, C. W.
Adams & Lee
Archer, Chas. (Australian p. mark)
Adams, C. (of Grand Central Th., Troy)
Adams, Chas. H. (2)
Allison, P. M.
Adams, Yank B.
Allen, W. H.
Austin, C. (of Merry Austins)
Austin, Chas. Zuave drill)
Austin Bros.
Aiken, Frank
Allen, Geo. E.
Adair, T. J. 3c.
Barnes, Leeman (2)
Beafmin, Harvey
Boyd, Chas.
Belmont, Max
Bray, Billy
Baldwin, Ed.
Benton, Chas.
Bowman, B. F.
Burns, Thos.
Buffalo Bill Co., Manager
Brooks, Chas. H.
Bowman, Johnny
Bush, T. D. (2)
Boyd & Wade
Batcheller & Doris
Brown, Jno. (of Kendall's Co.)
Burt, A. S.
Barlow, Wm. A.
Bosworth, C. (of Sig. Fabbri's Co. Cir.)
Berry, H. N.
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Brougham, John
Bell, Frank
Bernardo & Sutton
Blandowski, A.
Baron, D.
Buter, Robt.
Baldwin, Prof. S.S. (6)
Carroll, Zack L.
Corvells, Bob
Christie, John (of Kraly's Co.)
Cowan, Lew
Crowell, J. (of Crowell & Ragnell)
Callender's Minstrels
Clark, E. (of Clark Bros.)
Clark, Lew (late of Baltimore)
Clark, Jas. (banjo-maker)
Crosby, Chas.
Converse, Frank B. 3c.
Clark, Burt
Clifton & Forepaugh
Cleary, Henry (Irish "biz")
Carr, F. (of Sig. Fabbri's Co. Cir.)
Cutler, R. J.
Chapman, Thos.
Codona, H. W.
Carter, Billy (2)
Dutcher, Wm.
Ducheck, Charlie
Davis, De Forest
Dobson and Bro. Minstrels
Delehanty, T. H.
Drew & Wilson
Doyle, Michael
Denton, Geo.
Dalton, Shaque
De Witt, Wm.
Dumont, Frank
Dowling, J. J. (2)
Dupree & Benedict
Devere, Sam (2)
Dexter, Col. A. J.
Davis, E. P.
Drew, Chas. (of Dacenp & Drew)
Emidy, Jake
Everett, Geo.
Emidy, J. A. (of Queen's Cir.)
Emidy, Richd.
Forbush, Alvertus
Freise, A. (2)
Franckum, G. W.
Fostelle, Chas.
Fisher, S. F.
Foy, Jim (of Foy Sisters)
Fisher, H. (of Gaylor's Co.)
Frank, J. C. (pantomimist)
Foote, Wm. (of N. O. Mgr.)
Finke, W. H.
Forepaugh, Adam
Furbish, C. E.
Fuesman, Geo.
Felton, Fred.
Francis, Geo. (gymnast)
Foster, Chas (actor, etc.)
Garson, Thos.
Glassford, Sr., And.
Guick, Jas. T.
Goldie & Steele
Gurr, Harry
Grant, W. F.
Gehle, Steele & St. Clair (2)
Giovani, Sig.
Gorman, M. J.
Gay, Jas. W. (G. S. T.)
Girard, Wm. (of Har & Hart's Co.)
Gardiner, E. M.
Gran, Maurice
Giniven, Wm.
Harris, Will C.
Hyde & Milton
Hallissy, Jas.
Hogan, Conn
Hall, E. C.
Howell, Ed. J.
Hudson, Frank
Hutton, Jas.
Hurtz, John
Morton, W. H. (of Har. & Hart's Co.)
Magee, John
McGloin, Peter (3)
Morris, Lew (pantomimist)
Maas, Jas. (2)
Mowry, Capt.
Mumm, J. W.
Maffin, A. W.
McSorley, T.
Montaner, Sig. (circus boy)
McIntyre, J. (of McIntyre & Heath)
Miller, J. (band & bloyer)
Macolough, Mr. (of Mack & Casey)
Morris, J. R.
Marsh, Wm.
Talbott, Harry
Turner & Carver
Thompson, Den
Tracy, Dan
Thompson, W. J.
Vorry, Ed. (of Nat. Th., Washington)
Wells, H. C.
Wilson, Jas. (candy "biz")
Willis, Jessie
Walton, W. J.
Wallace, J. J.
White, Dick
Walton, W. J.
Worthington, Wm.
Werner, Ned
Wilson, A. B.
Winnett, Thos. (2)
Wingfield, John (2)
Webb, Albert
Wilkinson, Harry 3c.
"W. C. M."
Wiley, Lem
Wiggins, T. A.
Weaver, Add
Wingfield & Gregory
Welch & Hughes' Minstrels
Zoulig, F. W.
O'Brien, Jno. (circus prop.)
Ogden, R. Dorsay (2)
O'Brien, Michael
O'Brien, John (of Howe's Cir.)
Orrin Bros.
Primrose, Geo.
Perkins, Frank L.
Porter, Jim
Perry Bros.
Parmelee, H. E.
Parsons, Frank
Payne, Billy
Phillips, H. B.
Phillips, Gus (Ooity Goofi 5c.
Parker, J. E.
Purroy, Chas.
Powell, E. L.
Quinlan & Ryan
Queen, Montgom.
Quilter & Goldrich
Robinsons, The
Robinson, "Yankee"
Riley, J. J.
Rubens, Ludwig
Rogers, Jno. W.
Riches, Geo.
Riley, John
Rodney, J. C (musician)
Raymond, J. F. (pantomimist)
Rogers, Chas. (dram. author)
Reed, Billy & Jennie
Ryman, Add.
Radcliff, J. B.
Russell, Wilson
Robinson, O. S.
Rahn, Oscar (agent)
Rosenbaum, E. (manager)
Reed, Geo. W.
Roy, Wm. (circus "biz")
Russell, F. (of Russell & Wilson)
Robinson, Fayette
Russell, F. P.
Raymond, Jno. T.
Sutton, Geo.
Sprague & Blodgett's Agent
Stevenson, Chas.
Stowe, Will H.
Scallon, Wm.
Stuart, W. H. (of Boylston Museum)
Stevens, Jno. A.
Searle, C. J. (with Dug. & Ben Min.)
Surridge, J. H.
Sprague & Blodgett's Min.
Simmons & Slocum's Minst.
Sherick, Mark (2)
Sutton, G. W.
Suydam, Matt
Sanford, John L. (agent)
Stubbs, Stokes
Siedler, Chas.
Sautell, Prof.
Sullivan, Pat
Stephens, J. H. (of Rignold's Co.)
Searles, A. H.
Snyder, Jos. (manager)
Suydams, The
Sheppard, Harry
Sanford & Wilson
Snow, L. A.
Summers, J. W.
Shannon, T. H.
Sheehan & Jones
Sprague, D. C.
Sheridan, Harry R.
Smith, E. P.
Stanley, Ernest
Taylor, J. (Johnny Tayleure, C. W.
Taylor, Jas. V.
Tuthill, Fred. (2)
Turner, W. S.
Talbott, Harry
Turner & Carver
Thompson, Den
Tracy, Dan
Thompson, W. J.
Vorry, Ed. (of Nat. Th., Washington)
Wells, H. C.
Wilson, Jas. (candy "biz")
Willis, Jessie
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White, Dick
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Werner, Ned
Wilson, A. B.
Winnett, Thos. (2)
Wingfield, John (2)
Webb, Albert
Wilkinson, Harry 3c.
"W. C. M."
Wiley, Lem
Wiggins, T. A.
Weaver, Add
Wingfield & Gregory
Welch & Hughes' Minstrels
Zoulig, F. W.

LETTERS FOR THE FOLLOWING PROFESSIONALS are now at the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office: Harry Wilson, L. M. Booth, J. Lawrence, of Duvaller's Minstrels; Jos. Parent, Burt Clarke, and R. Hillier.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Oct. 29, '77.

The rider of the pale horse has been unusually busy during the past week, and the harvest of King Death has been mournfully large. Every walk in professional life has felt the presence of death! Tragedy, comedy, minstrelsy, variety, and the circus all mourn the loss of one or more of those who have been associated with them in efforts to amuse, and make light the burden of their fellowmen. The death-roll includes the names of Edwin Adams, G. L. Fox, Miss Louise Anderson, Billy Pastor, J. W. Smith, J. R. Healey, Tom King, and others, all gone to swell the innumerable caravan journeying to the silent land. Although prepared for the death of G. L. Fox, we can scarcely realise that he has passed away; that his face will be seen no more, his voice heard no more forever. Truly, Humpty Dumpty on the wall has had a fall, and all the skill of our most eminent physicians cannot make Humpty Dumpty stand—he has cracked his last joke, played his last trick, and his face at last is whitened by the hand of death. Humpty Dumpty is on the wall, but it is the dead wall, and —— Yes, Jimmy, may be we *had* better get on a more cheerful subject, for certainly we have supped full of sorrows as we gazed upon the cold clay of those whom but yesterday it seems we met in health, and the warm clasp of whose hands is still fresh and lifelike.....When we first learned that a gentleman of this city was negotiating for Cleopatra's other needle, with great expectation of getting the thing over here in a short time, our feelings of admiration for that man knew no bounds, for it has been one of the aims and ambitions of a busy life to secure Cleopatra's Needle. In our innocent childhood days our thoughts ran almost entirely on needles, and we have been known to pick up needles in the streets and to secrete the darning needle of our dead and gone grandmother long before we knew the name of three or four cents. And now our hopes are about to be realized! The needle of an Egyptian woman is to reward our long pent up desires, a needle which eye hereaway hath not seen, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive of its manifold glory. Ere the while dome of our fathers is fairly laid upon the shelf, embalmed in camphor, the still small voice of lovely woman is heard upon the subject of the other extreme, and on Saturday last, as we sat slyly listening to the confidential conversation of two young wives at a matinee, our matrimonial inclinations received a shock which fond memory can ne'er efface, for this is

WHAT SHE SAID.

The coming winter I need no furs
(It never was so benign),
For I have a husband, alas, my dear,
Who is both a muff and a bore"

.....Look here. What do the newspapers mean by declaring that Henry T. Byron is reconstructing "Old Girls?" Are we to understand that Mr. Byron is a milliner or a dressmaker or something of that sort? And if he isn't, what business has he to—will the girls submit to—what we wanted to observe was that our girls are abundantly able to reconstruct themselves!.....So Joaquin Miller wants us to believe that Billy Piper of "The Danites" is really Joaquin Miller in his younger days! All right. But we wonder if this revelation would ever have been made in case "The Danites" had proved a failure?.....And still "The Crushed Tragedian" offers himself in sections at the Park Theatre. Mr. Sothern has made an undeniably big hit—and yet we cling to our original belief. Tragedy is not his forte. [We would not say this but for the fact that he continues with most surprising obstinacy to hold the fort.].....Mistaken? Not by any means. We know perfectly well what the name of the Hippodrome equestrienne is, and we knew last week. That was one of our original fancies to write it Dockicrill instead of Dockrill. We threw in the e because, as a general thing, circus-riders don't get *enough*. The dyspeptic crab who asserted that we altered the name because otherwise we couldn't make a rhyme, deserves himself to be haltered to the nearest lamp-post, or to be dragged around the arena by Dockrill's bare-back steed. James, our reputation is at stake here. Grind as though you were seated within reach of a free lunch:

A SPECIMEN BRICK.

To the Hippodrome the people flock still,
And rest assured that circus stock will
Remain as solid as a rock till
The season ends with Mme. Dockrill!

.....There is more virtue in the French language than most people imagine. A bill-of-fare in which corned-beef and cabbage are hidden under French names becomes really high toned; while even bean soup, if it is only "a la" something, serves to satisfy the most exacting taste. A beautiful illustration of this point was afforded at the Theatre Francais last week, where they played "Marie Jeanne." Nothing could sound better than that, but how would it be in English? Plain Maria Jane!.....That word "plain" puts us in mind of the rolling prairies of the West, and, as a natural sequence, the fearless Texas John or Buffalo William rises to view. Our admiration for these vigorous actors has always been warm and sincere. That anybody should have presumed to question Texas Jack's courage fills us with amazement. And yet somebody has presumed to do that very thing. Let the traducer beware! Texas John is not the man to be trifled with—no, nor to be rifled with either. He has gone forth in quest of the villain, but he will return in good time, and, as becomes a Jack, turn up as a Bower-y star. [That is exceedingly neat when it is remembered what a big card Texas Jack is.].....That monstrosity up at the Aquarium continues to give us a good deal of trouble. When it was first served up to us the manager by a Coup de main strength called it a "man-eating devil-fish." Well, we swallowed it on his recommendation. Next he put it on his bill of fare as a "man eating devil fish." That satisfied us, too, if the man's tastes ran in that direction. The latest guise in which "it" is brought to our notice is as a "ten-armed man eating devil fish!" As Walt Whitman would say: "This gives us pause," and we kindly call for a bill of particulars so that the case may be fairly set before the public ere election-day comes round. This is what we desire to understand: Is it a devil-fish eating man, a man-fish eating devil, or a ten-armed man eating devil-fish? If it is the first, who finds the men for this "holocaust of human life?" If it is the second, does the same devil suffice for the various repasts? And if the third, then we say by all means stop this waste of curiosities, for a ten-armed man is as great a marvel as a devil-fish, and vice versa. We have no desire to find fault with Manager Coup, for, like all public purveyors, he's but doing his best to draw the crowd. All we wish him to do is to make the case clear, and thus relieve us of the difficulty we experience week after week in properly setting devilish deils and things before our readers, who are in no humor to be humbugged by these chameleon-like changes.....To-night that oft-colored "comedy-farce"—you perceive how gracefully we drop into the vernacular of Printing House square criticism, though we would really like to inquire whether any of the critics ever saw a "tragedy-farce"—to-night, we repeat, the naughty "Pink Dominoes" will be donned again on the stage of one of the model artistic theatres. Were we afflicted with the malady known as dwalling-the-decline-of-the-drama, here would be a rare opportunity to indulge the passion—but we are not afflicted. Besides, this revival, we are assured, is "in compliance with constant and numerous requests." It is the public, therefore, which demands the bone. Adopting the theory of Mr. Jay, and at the same time tegging the public's pardon for the simile, it may be added that "any dog will take a bone when he can get it." In this particular instance the dog is not only willing to take it, but he even barks for it lustily!.....And talking about this reminds us that the Williamsons have departed. Their engagement appears to have been both pleasant and profitable to themselves if not to their manager, and they have reason to feel especially proud because they have inspired our immortal muse. Here is what the l. m. produced and dedicated

TO THE WILLIAMSONS.

To paying houses they have played,
Which well repays their toil;
And hence "Oracle" their points are made
In strict accord with *Oyle*.

.....We are constitutionally and conscientiously opposed to flattery. Otherwise, we might say that Miss Boniface, whose face has been seen lightly on the stage of Wallack's, is bound to be a Stella attraction wherever she appears. [Stella is Latin for star, James, and it is also the young lady's name.].....The other day James came in and broke the silence as well as one of the commandments by declaring that there was going to be a "banrush up at Stetson's Hall!" When we reproved him for such language it came to light that he was simply trying to tell us that Dr. Damrosch was to appear at Steinway Hall.....The fire-fiend is about again. He created a panic at Niblo's on Saturday night last, but fortunately no lives were lost. He cried "Fire!" when there was no fire, and a house full of terrified people came pitching down and out like the rush of many waters. And Kate Claxton six hundred miles away. Manager Fleming promptly offered fifty dollars for the arrest of the fiend. The managers of New York, in order to secure the punishment of the scoundrel, should offer a reward of five thousand dollars for his capture. An example should be made of the culprit when caught, or a more disastrous panic may be the result of his future operations....The California Belles will be rung in at Tony Pastor's this week. They are high-toned folk, and known as the Allen Sisters; and, as to them for all, in all, if all be true that we have heard of them, Tony's patrons will look upon them pretty often. Their names are Louise, Anna, Ray and Ricca, and they are not dumb belles.....Several fresh people are announced to make their debut in this city shortly; but they have "The Rising Sun" on the Theatre Comique.....We like to be exact; in fact, we'd sooner be right than be President—of a soup society; but our zeal in this direction sometimes gets us into trouble. Now the New American Museum in the Bowery advertises *fifty thousand curiosities!* We didn't count them, bear in mind you, but a half-souled shrimp who fancied he didn't get enough for his money (admission only 15 cents) sent us an inflammatory communication declaring that the manager had not returned a correct count, and requesting us to go over the show and see if there *are* fifty thousand curiosities there. So last Tuesday we gave Jim a slate and twelve pencils and a basket of victuals, and set him at work among the curiosities. This morning he sent for more slates and pencils and refreshments, for he said it was an all-fired, up-hill job to get at the facts on an empty stomach. We encouraged him out, and we shall never meddle with such things again.....Helen's Babies" are multiplying like everything. In the beginning there were but two; now there are six, and several prolific outlying counties yet to hear from!..... If we were wealthy, and on good terms with our mothers-in-law, we should go in for an opera-house on our own vast domains, and engage the charming Zelda Seguin to sing exclusively for us. We listened to her vocalization in "The Chimes of Normandy" the other night, and so enraptured were we with the fair Zelda, her graceful movements, the rich tones in her voice, etc., that when the curtains were drawn in upon the last scene of all we remained in our seat, waiting for more. In that condition the watchman found us, and charged us with being an incendiary. See what our deep love of music leads us into.....We wanted to say something bright about Gen. Kilpatrick's play of "Alla-toona" but really can't think of anything except that "Alla-toona" affords an imperfect rhyme for "schooner." Anybody who desires to work this into verse may do so and claim it as original. He must abide by the results, however.....We want to be serious for a moment. Looking out of the window just now, we saw a stalwart policeman taking a gray-haired woman to the Tombs. Such a sight is by no means uncommon in this city, but it carries with it a sterner lesson than all the sermons ever preached on temperance. Drunkenness in man is apt to be disguising; in woman it is always sad.....Which reminds us that "Our Jim" came in one morning week before last, and confessed that, on the night before, he had had "a high old time with gin." Subsequent explanations revealed the fact he had seen Lydia Thompson's "Oxygin" from the gallery.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

As an appendix to the report that John S. Clarke has purchased S. B. Buckstone's lease of the Haymarket Theatre, London, paying a bonus of $20,000 and the privilege of paying $25,000 a year rent, it is stated that Clarke has offered E. A. Sothern $3,000 a week for three years, on condition that within that period the latter shall produce at least three new pieces—"an offer that So hern has declined by cable." These are prodigious—Clarke's offer, and the cable..... There were two panics in New York theatres last week, owing to fire or the fear of fire. The metropolis has not before done so well as this in about thirteen years. .....Frank Snyder and Charles Leslie are two actors who were recently "left" in Baltimore, Md. Snyder obtained employment in a new line of business, and Leslie failed to obtain any kind. For some reason the twain quarreled and came to light blows, and hence this:

BALTIMORE, Oct. 25, 1877.

"MR. FRANK SNYDER.—*Sir:* I hereby challenge you to a duel. Name your time, place and weapons as soon as possible. Yours, respectfully, CHAS. LESLIE.

"P. S.—Accept this, or henceforth be branded as a coward."

Mr. Snyder chose a criminal court as the place and Justice Morse as the weapon, and had Sergeant Bell, of the Baltimore police were endeavoring to notify Mr. Leslie.....It is managers' gossip that Ehas & Betz, brewers, are the power behind the throne of the American Theatre, formerly the Third-avenue, this city.....Also that the brewers are behind at least two variety theatres in Brooklyn, N. Y.....There is no improvement in the health of Benjamin Dean, the veteran musical director. The news goes out but little.....Narrated among our dramatic "Taes" is Dion Boucicault's narrow escape from womanslaughter. In Louisville, Ky., on Oct. 23, the actor who played Timothy Brown in "My Neighbor's Wife" rehearsed unconsciously went through the motions of stabbing himself with a fork. Pain admonishing him to make an examination, he found the point of the fork just over his heart. A little more vigor would have cooked Timothy—Brown.....Sims Reeves has been visiting his eldest son in Italy, where the latter is working himself up for a tenor. Sims has a younger son whom he is piloting for a baritone.....Miss Blanche Tucker has wedded Signor Marochetti. Bridal poets will observe that "Rossvella" and "Village Belle" make nicely.....Two living octopods (or devil-fish), said to be the only live specimens in this country, have just been received at our Aquarium. The dead specimens are all called "devil crabs," whether they have eight legs or fewer.....*The London World* reports Pauline Lucca as being seriously ill.....Edward Philip Davrietz, whose death is announced in our foreign news column, was the author of several good farcical plays. Worse than that, "he wrote a number of dramatic works." Had the user of the last two words meant dramatic poetry, capable of representation upon the stage, he would undoubtedly have said in our Oct. 23 Texas Jack and Mlle. Morlacchi were required to appear before Judge McAdam of the Marine Court, this city, to be examined as to their wealth, which is subject to an order issued against them in the suit of Thomas Bartleman, in which judgment had been recovered and "execution returned unsatisfied." The affair is one originating in Boston, and Bartleman has turned scalp-hunter and is on the war-path.....On the morning of the burial of Titiens, the band of the Grenadier Guards, under Godfrey, while relieving the guard at St. James Palace played the Dead March in Saul as a tribute to her memory.....So much has been said of late in our "Amusement Annals" as to John Wilson, the Scotch tenor, that a few lines here will not be amiss. A London Journal states that the conductor said to him while he was being "coached" to sing with Malibran in "Sonnambula:" "Mr. Wilson, you must throw more passion into your manner. Remember, sir, you are making love to Amina." The Scotchman answered in all simplicity: "Man, I'm married." We will add that the wife soon followed the husband to the grave.....The two Daly Brothers, who during the past week, at the Theatre Comique, this city, proved to be astonishingly high kickers, have cloaked their identity. Their high kicking business, as well as their song-and-dance, is a new act, which they begged the management to allow them to attempt, after they had been billed for their usual business, which is clog dancing. The management consented, under protest and with great misgiving. They proved the hit of the week. They are really the elders of the well-known Daly clog quartet, all four of whom were to have appeared. The other two are the boys Bobby and Danny, who were thus unexpectedly shut out.

John W. Smith, American Minstrel and Manager died in Melbourne, Australia, Aug. 31; William Baker, Doorkeeper, died in Boston, Oct. 20; J. R. Healey, Actor, died in Chicago, Oct. 23; William H. Pastor, Circus and Vocalist, died in New York, Oct. 23; Miss Louise Anderson, Actress, died in Boston, Oct. 24; G. L. Fox, Actor and Pantomimist, died in Boston Cambridge, Oct. 26; Thomas King, Circus, died near Baltimore, Oct. 26; Kearney Moran, Minstrel, died in Boston, Oct. 26; Edwin Adams, Actor, died in Philadelphia, Oct. 28.

CITY SUMMARY.

AT THE LONDON CIRCUS, commencing with this week, matinees will henceforth be given on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN the attendance fell off somewhat the past week. James Cummings gave "The Essence of Old Virginny" in true Ethiopian style; Mlle. Helene Menzelli danced a waltz, and later in the evening a Grisette polka; J. W. Meandrews was seen in his familiar sketch of "The Man of Nerve," and "The Charleston Gals;" Kitty and Maggie Parker sang duets and played a banjo and a guitar in pleasing style; Edna Markley's vocalisms were satisfactory; Mullen and Magee gave a burlesque glove fight, causing much laughter; Blanche Selwyn gave male character songs with rapid changes of costume, which were freely applauded; and Cummings and Harrington were first seen in a musical sketch called "The Lovejoy Family," and later in plantation hymns, songs-and-dances, etc., which were favorably received. The above-named were the fresh appearances of the week. Henry Wannemacher's orchestra now supplies the music.

AN ITALIAN OPERA SEASON is to be inaugurated at Niblo's Garden Oct. 29, when "Masaniello," will be produced in spectacular form. Performances are to be given every night and Saturday matinees. Signor Lucca, who has just arrived here from Mexico, is to sing the role of Masaniello on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights, and Saturday matinee, and H. A. Bischoff will sing it at the other performances. Pietro will be sung in a like manner by Signor Susini and Mr. L. G. Gottschalk respectively. Mlle. Remmertz, who is to be the prominate female, she is a lovely girl, and Mlle. Lupo will be the leading dancer. A list of the other members of the company has already been published in THE CLIPPER.

JOSEPH PROCTOR closed his engagement at Niblo's Garden Oct. 27, having continued his performances for a week after the close of "Wicked Woods" during the entire engagement, to a large attendance.

BUSINESS CONTINUES GOOD with the San Francisco Minstrels, who made the following changes in their programme last week: H. W. Prillman sang "The Belle of New Orleans;" Will S. Hays "Sitting at the Windows;" J. G. Russell, "Strangers Yet;" and for the finale to the first-part, a potpourri introducing airs from "La Marjolaine"—the cuckoo song, Acosino, a tin-whistle and "Brannigan's Band." Johnson and Powers gave "Susan's Serenade" and songs-and-dances; Hoey, Tony Pastor, Kitty O'Neil, Will H. Morton and others. The general admission will be 50 cents and $1, reserved seats $1.50, and private boxes $4, $6 and $10.

KITTY O'NEIL, Fred. F. Levantine, Bonnie Runnells, Seamon and Somers, Nellie St. John, Emma Brennan, Gibbons and Russell, Willis Pickett, and Pete Cannon are to augment the company at the Theatre Comique on Nov. 5.

JOHN F. POOLE has written a sketch for Mabel Leonard, and she is to appear in it at Tony Pastor's on Nov. 5.

LOUISE MURIO, the Clark Brothers, Ben Gilfoil, Frank Gibbons, Harry Clarke and Murphy and Shannon are billed at the Olympic Theatre for this week.

AT THE GAYETY THEATRE, Harlem, the newcomers this week are Eunice and Laura Moore, Smith and Byrne, Carrie Boshell, Willis Pickert, Lena North, Lillie Florence, and Walter Wentworth.

AN ALARM OF FIRE, which started in the gallery of NIBLO'S GARDEN on the night of Oct. 27, created quite a panic, as the auditorium was densely filled. Some persons were slightly bruised in attempting to get out of the theatre, but none were dangerously injured. An announcement from the stage that there was no fire quieted the spectators, and the performances were finished.

JOHN PENDY, director of the Gayety Theatre, Harlem, was presented by his wife Oct. 26 with a ten-pound boy.

AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE, the company this week includes Zittella, Marie Desiree, the Rosanni Sisters, Lena Aberle, Banker and Mills, Mons. Estavan, the Walsh Brothers, the Saunders Brothers, and the Vienna ballet.

J. B. DONNIKER has returned to the London as leader of the orchestra. The other fresh appearances are Austin and Canada, the Belle Gabrielle Combination, Williams and McCarty, Lou Linden, John and May Cannon, Mollie Wilson, La Rue, St. Maur and Bernard.

ROMEO SEBASTIAN and wife arrived last week from California.

HART JACKSON is adapting a four-act play for Den Thompson, to be produced in this city January, 1878. Chas. L. Howard, his business-manager, informs us that Mr. Thompson does not go to California until after his New York engagement.

F. A. KEELER, advertising agent of P. T. Barnum's Show, has returned to the city.

AN EXCELLENT BUSINESS was done the past week with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Grand Opera-house. At the Saturday matinee a number of school-teachers, at the invitation of the management, witnessed the performances. Next Saturday the teachers in Brooklyn are to be similarly complimented. Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard and Manager T. L. Donnelly and wife left for Boston, Mass., after the close of last Saturday night's performances, to attend the funeral of G. L. Fox. They will leave for this city by an early train Oct. 29.

MME. JANAUSCHEK is to commence an engagement at the Broadway Theatre Nov. 5.

C. T. PARSLOE in "Ah Sin" is the star at the Bowery Theatre.

AT TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE this week the arrivals are the four Allen Sisters, the Girard Brothers, Frank Mara, Slavin and Buckley, and the twin sisters French, and Tony Pastor will reappear.

AT THE AMERICAN this week the announced attractions are as follow: The Sawyer Family (six in number), bellringers; Samuel and Maud Sanyeah, Bernardo, the Cooper Brothers, Frank Campbell, Lou and Lulu Catlett, Mile. Bonzati and Senor Freire, King Sarbro, Tim Rogers, Lou Sanford, Harry and Ella Mayo, Yale and Decker, the Carleton Sisters, and H. W. Eagan.

BOB HARRISON, Mollie Wilson, Miss Gabrielle, Julian Martinetti, Miss Isabelle, William Hayle, Hilda Thomaso, Billy Barry, the Freeman Sisters, Emma Jutau, G. W. Brown, Johnny Allen, and Emerson and Clarke constituted the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's Theatre Oct. 22. Bob Harrison, a good Ethioplan comedian, was seen in the sketch of "The Man of Nerve," and, with Billy Barry, in "Americans Abroad;" Mollie Wilson, a little scrio-comic vocalist, was compelled to respond to several encores. Miss Gabrielle and Julian Martinetti played upon musical glasses, and Miss Isabelle accompanied them on the guitar. William Hayle is an agile clog-dancer, who possesses wonderful powers of endurance. His performances were frequently applauded. Miss Hilda Thomaso, who made her metropolitan debut, has a pleasing appearance, a good figure and a pure soprano voice of considerable compass and power, which she uses with the skill of a trained musician. She achieved success. The Freeman Sisters in their musical sketches of "That Husband of Mine" and "On Board the Mary Jane" were freely applauded. Emma Jutau, aided by G. W. Brown, performed a series of feats on the trapeze in a remarkably clever manner, and evinced such thorough consciousness in her own skill and ability that the spectators did not fear any mishap. She has a pretty face and a good figure. Mr. Brown, who gave her able support, proved to be an accomplished performer. Their first appearance in this city took place Oct. 22. Johnny Allen was fairly successful in Dutch character songs, and Emerson and Clarke in their break-neck songs-and-dances made a marked success. Tony Pastor, owing to the death of his brother William, did not appear after Oct. 23. Business good.

WILLIAM PASTOR, a circus performer and more recently a comic vocalist and manager of variety companies, died suddenly at the residence of his brother Tony, Oct. 23. He had been suffering for some time past from a tumor in the breast, and it was decided to perform a surgical operation for its removal. A consultation of physicians was held, and while his work he discovered that Mr. Pastor was also suffering from cancer, and the operation had to be abandoned. The patient died from the shock given to his system by the knowledge that the operation had not been successful. His funeral took place at "The Little Church Around the Corner" Oct. 25 at one o'clock P. M., and was largely attended by professionals and the New York Lodge No. 1 B. and P. O. of Elks, of which deceased had been a member. The interment was in Evergreen Cemetery. A biographical sketch of the deceased may be found under "Amusement Annals."

AT COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE the sketches "Caught at It" and "The Artful Duchess" are the attractions, with the following new people, in addition to the regular company: Emma Bartlett, serio-comic singer; Lulu Jackson, jig dancer; Nellie Jordan, fancy dancer; and Fanny and Charley Cox, vocalists. Larry Howard and Johnny Hall have been added to the dramatic company.

MUSICAL NOTES.—S. G. Pratt, an American pianist and composer, after a long absence, made his first appearance in America in a piano recital at Chickering Hall on Thursday afternoon last. He was assisted by Miss Henrietta Beebe, the well known soprano, and H. A. Bischoff the tenor.....The first of Dr. Damrosch's Saturday symphony concerts took place Oct. 20, and was attended. C. F. Boschmertz the basso was the only soloist. The novelty of the programme was a symphony by Raff—"Sounds of Spring"—which was given for the first time here; and compositions by Liszt, Brahms and Bach made up the bill. The orchestra comprises 60 members, the concert-master of whom were in the old Thomas' orchestra.....The fourth and last of Thomas' Popular Concerts was given at Steinway Hall Oct. 23, the Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartet and Master Lichtenberg, the young violinist, taking part.....Gilmore's Band gives an "Irish night" at the Academy of Music before their departure for Europe, giving a series of one hundred concerts.....Aimee is to receive a benefit at the Broadway Theatre on Wednesday evening, appearing as Bouiotte in "Bluebeard."..... A Sunday concert was given by the Aimee Troupe at the Academy of Music Oct. 28. Lagrue, Mollard, Jouard, and Miles. Aimee, Duparc and Mario in solos, with others of the troupe and the opera chorus in concerted pieces, and the orchestra under M. Almeras' direction, being the performers.

H. STANDARD will arrive here about Nov. 4 to arrange the engagements of Helena Modjeska, the celebrated Polish tragedienne, who recently made so successful a debut in California. See card.

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Ushers

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a YELLOW COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with his private mark, and dated Sept. 1, 1877, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. Any person claiming to be a correspondent of THE CLIPPER who cannot exhibit a card as above described, and who will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office. Applicants for the position of correspondent of THE CLIPPER will be politely requested to consider silence a negative. Applications need NOT be made for the position of TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT of THE CLIPPER never employs any person in that capacity.

A GREAT SUCCESS.—The London Circus and Menagerie opened a season at Gilmore's Garden Oct. 22, and at all of the nightly performances during the past week hundreds of people were turned from the doors unable to obtain admission, while at the matinees the attendance was very large. This state of affairs was somewhat surprising, because the show was entirely unknown in this city, and the inclemency of the weather had prevented an intended procession under the glare of calcium lights, torches, etc., during the night of Oct. 20. The success achieved must therefore be attributed to the very thorough and attractive manner in which the show had been advertised, and to the merits of the performance itself. It is without question one of the best circuses exhibited in this city for many years. The performances in the arena commenced with James Robinson's band, clad in military uniforms, leading a procession which included a number of fine horses, ponies and mules, upon spirited horses and attired in bright and glittering costumes; elephants, camels, etc., bearing upon their backs a number of persons grotesquely clad and made-up after the style of participants in Mardi-gras carnival processions, and numerous attendants in various costumes. Following this, Mlle. Marie Antoinette, the character of French clowns, performed a comical pantomimic sketch called "Catching Butter

Edwin Adams.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

To-day Melpomene looks down and sighs
In honest grief, which wrings her manly heart;
And fair Thalia, with her laughing eyes
All wet with tears, forgets her merry part;
He wooed them both, and won from both the prize
Of fame, which purifies and betters art;
So let them weep because their lover lies
Immovable and cold in Death's embrace—
But what is art, or fame, or honor won
To us, who gaze upon his wasted face,
And, gazing, weep, and, weeping, think upon
The nobleness and all the tender grace
That died with him! O Death, thy sting is sore!
He honored Art, but honored manhood more!

New York, Oct. 29, 1877. MARC COOK.

DEATH OF EDWIN ADAMS.—The actor whose vast popularity in the profession had been attested in the unexampled fact that within the past nine months he had been the recipient of at least eight benefits, died in Philadelphia on Sunday, Oct. 28, at 11.15 A. M. In our "Amusement Annals" of Sept. 29 appeared a sketch of his active professional life. Instead of being a repetition of that, the one we shall now give will dovetail with it. In THE CLIPPER VARIETIES of Oct. 6 was published the full bill of the performances in which he made his first professional appearance, the character being the Servant to the Dedlocks in John E. Durivage's unsuccessful dramatization of Dickens' "Bleak House," on Aug. 29, 1853, the opening night of the season at the National Theatre, Boston. It is not necessary to here repeat that bill, either. The curious in such matters will find it, together with the bulk of our sketch of Sept. 29, republished in *The Boston Herald* of Sunday, Oct. 28, in advance of Mr. Adams' death—without a line of credit from the source whence both were derived, however. We here refer to that bill chiefly for the purpose of again correcting the widely published and stubbornly adhered to report that he made his debut as Stephen in "The Hunchback" on Aug. 29, 1853, at the National, Boston—a piece that was not played. It was in that role, probably, that he subsequently made his first appearance at the Howard Athenæum (as we stated in our paper of Oct. 6), and not as Bernardo in "Hamlet," for which Dan Setchell was billed, though Adams, and not Setchell, may have played it.

Edwin Adams was born at Medford, near Boston, on Feb. 3, 1833. The ages of actors are seldom correctly given in their lifetime; but the foregoing is verified by the circumstance that on Feb. 3, 1863, he was fulfilling an engagement in Indianapolis, a banquet commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of his birthday was given at a hotel in that city. As a juvenile he participated in many of the delights of the circus, or incipient burnt-cork, and of the miniature drama. From an amateur in all these things he jumped to the regular stage at a salary of five dollars per week, and with a paper to boot; and the engagement, which will account for his leaving the National Theatre so soon and going to the Howard Athenæum. His first engagement was with W. R. Fleming, who was attracted towards him by his recitation of "Ye crags and peaks" from "William Tell." In November, 1853, he left the National and opened at the Howard Athenæum. Soon afterwards he joined a traveling company in the New England States under the management of E. B. Williams and J. Munroe. This partnership lasted but a brief period, and Adams retired from the stage, soon reappearing, however, at the Lowell Museum—under the management of W. H. Curtis, Harry Jordan, and L. P. Hays—as Prefect Marcellus, the First Actor and the Priest to the Hamlet of W. R. Goodall. This season lasted eight weeks, and Adams' next regular engagement was in Philadelphia—after a few nights' stand at the Howard—in "The Naiad Queen"—at the Chestnut-street Theatre opening Sept. 29, 1854, as Charles Woodley in "The Soldier's Daughter." The Chestnut season closed with Christmas week, opening as Edmund Kean at St. Charles street, Baltimore, opening as Edward Mapleton in "The Merchant and His Clerk." He was also simultaneously with Dan Setchell at the Museum, and was also under that manager at the National, Washington, where he opened as Atallo to the Pizarro of John Sefton. On Feb. 23, 1855, he was with Barton Richmond, Va., at a salary of $30 per week. While there he was a sufferer from the disease, bronchitis, that culminated in his death, and which, but for the necessary nourishment, he allowed himself, would probably have ended his career long ago. Richmond was with him always a favorite city, and he was employed there on several occasions after sick. A leg was broken by a scene there on Jan 1, 1872, as Hamlet, after an absence of eleven years. In the Summer of 1856, when his old manager, W. R. Fleming, was at the Arch-street, Philadelphia, street Theatre, this city, Adams was of the company. The season lasted but a few nights, and we are notcertain that Adams was offered a chance to appear. Thence he went back to Richmond for the next season, and from there he went to the Boston Theatre, opening Sept. 13, 1858, as De Lorge to Love's Sacrifice to Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne. On Nov. 29, 1859, he was transferred by E. L. Davenport to the Howard Athenæum, where he remained until April 2, reappearing at the Boston on April 5th as Edgar in "Father and Marguerite." Soon afterwards he returned to the Howard, where he closed with a benefit on July 4, and went back to Richmond. On Sept. 19, 1860, Adams came from the Boston Theatre, he opened for the season at the Walnut, Philadelphia, as Iagomar, where he was so great a favorite as to be called out almost every night. On Feb. 25, 1861, Adams made his first assigned Macbeth to a prominent place in his repertory. For his first great success—Robert Landry in "The Dead Heart," at the Walnut—he made his first noticeable appearance in this city April 21, 1862, at Winter Garden, as Sir Thomas Clifford in "The Hunchback, and his success was quite unequivocal. Hereafter we must refer the reader to our issue of Sept. 29 last. 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Wallack Jr. and Wheelock, Adams, so far as we can now trace the matter, played the original Enoch Arden. He also arranged to play it in Cincinnati as early as the week of Oct. 24-29, 1864, but we cannot discover that he did so. On Nov. 7 he brought it to Nashville, Tenn., however, and Adams was then the original in America of Robert Landry in "The Dead Heart" and of Ivan Khorvitch in Tom Taylor's "Ticket-of-Leave Man," originally produced by Jerry Clip in "The Widow's Victim" and Edward Middleton in "The Drunkard," in the latter of which he was starring on late and early dates. Some of his other parts were "Narcisse," "The Heretic," "Dreams of Delusion," "Clairvoyance," "The Dramatist" (Vapid), "Ulancarty," "The Mad Lion," "Money" (Sir Geo. Evelyn), "Wild Oat," "School for Scandal" (Charles Surface), "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Richard III," "Othello" (Iago), "The Marble Heart," "Lady of Lyons," "Ours" (Hugh Chalcote), "Don Cæsar de Bazan," "Rob Roy" (Captain Mac), "Black Eyed Susan," "Ingomar," "Damon and Pythias" (Pythias), "Extremes" (the English comedy), and occasionally "Colleen Bawn" (Kyrle Daly) and "Rose of Castle" (Col White).

His last engagement in this city was at the Olympic Theatre, beginning Nov. 24, 1873, and ending Dec 20. His final engagement in the United States was at the California Theatre on St. Charles street, Baltimore, opening as Edward Mapleton in "The Merchant and His Clerk." He was also simultaneously with Frank Mordaunt at the Museum, and was also under that manager at the National, Washington, where he opened as Atallo to the Pizarro of John B. Sefton. On Feb. 23, 1855, he was with Barton Richmond, Va., at a salary of $30 per week. While there he was a sufferer from the disease, bronchitis, that culminated in his death, and which, but for the necessary nourishment, he allowed himself, would probably have ended his career long ago. Richmond was with him always a favorite city, and he was employed there on several occasions after sick. A leg was broken by a scene there on Jan 1, 1872, as Hamlet, after an absence of eleven years. In the Summer of 1856, when his old manager, W. R. Fleming, was at the Arch-street, Philadelphia, street Theatre, this city, Adams was of the company. The season lasted but a few nights, and we are notcertain that Adams was offered a chance to appear. Thence he went back to Richmond for the next season, and from there he went to the Boston Theatre, opening Sept. 13, 1858, as De Lorge to Love's Sacrifice to Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne. On Nov. 29, 1859, he was transferred by E. L. Davenport to the Howard Athenæum, where he remained until April 2, reappearing at the Boston on April 5th as Edgar in "Father and Marguerite." Soon afterwards he returned to the Howard, where he closed with a benefit on July 4, and went back to Richmond. On Sept. 19, 1860, Adams came from the Boston Theatre, he opened for the season at the Walnut, Philadelphia, as Iagomar, where he was so great a favorite as to be called out almost every night. On Feb. 25, 1861, Adams made his first assigned Macbeth to a prominent place in his repertory. For his first great success—Robert Landry in "The Dead Heart," at the Walnut—he made his first noticeable appearance in this city April 21, 1862, at Winter Garden, as Sir Thomas Clifford in "The Hunchback, and his success was quite unequivocal. Hereafter we must refer the reader to our issue of Sept. 29 last. We shall merely remark here that during the season of 1863-4 Adams was alternative comedian and leading man at the Boston Theatre, but instead of that went starring South and West, it being his first season as a star. The sketch of Sept. 29 covers his Enoch Arden engagement, which was purchased by him in September, 1864. It was called "A Husband's Sacrifice," and it was not successful in the South and Southwest. His first real hit as Enoch was in Pittsburg in 1865. There are only five or six dramas before the public with Enoch as the hero, and it should be understood that his play of "A Husband's Sacrifice" was not one of them. The Enoch Arden with which he won fame at Booth's Theatre, this city, in June, 1869. The latter was Sime. De Marguerites' dramatization, which Adams had had in his repertory for a considerable early in 1865, and Wheelock five years later played another version (Arthur Mathieson's) at Booth's. Though he was sharply pressed by L. P. Barrett, J. W. Wallack Jr. and Wheelock, Adams, so far as we can now trace the matter, played the original Enoch Arden.

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AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON, MASS., up to Oct 28 are reported by our correspondent as appended:

At the Boston Museum "Much Ado About Nothing," the seventh special comedy production which has been made at this theatre, was produced Oct. 22 with the following cast: Benedick, Chas. Barron; Dogberry, Wm. Warren; Leonato, R. F. McClannin; Don Pedro, E. A. McDowell; Claudio, F. G. Cotter; Don John, Lorin Deland; Verges, Geo. W. Wilson; Antonio, J. Burrows; Borachio, Chas. Villers; Sexton, J. Nolan; Friar, F. S. Hartshorn; Conrade, C. S. Mason; Bechaizar, W. Morris; Oatcake, W. Melbourne; Seacoal, Mr. De Wolf; Beatrice, Miss Annie Clarke; Hero, Miss Fannie Reeves; Ursula, Miss Lillian Brown; Margaret, Miss Ada Franks. The scenic effects by Thos. B. Gressing and E. Lamons were fine; the pars scene of the first act, the hall in Leonato's house in the second, and the scene of Leonato's garden in the third act, with its running water and background of house, trees and foliage, were beautiful. The comedy was necessarily divided into six acts. The dresses of all the male characters were new, appropriate and rich, and the nice taste in the blending of colors showed the eye of an artist. The glee "Sigh No More Ladies," was rendered by a male quartet in an admirable manner. Oct. 29 "The Sisters," an adaptation of the late Theodore Barriere's "Cendrillon," is to be produced, and in it the prominent members of the company, assisted by Mrs. E. L. Davenport, will appear. Much scenery and "Three Guardsmen" are in preparation.....At the Globe Theatre "The Danites" drew last week fully as crowded houses as during the first week of its run. Mr. Rankin, Miss Blanchard and the company will make a New England tour of one week's duration, appearing in the following cities: New Bedford 29, Taunton 30, Fall River 31, Lawrence Nov. 1, Worcester 2, and at the Boston Theatre 3. Oct. 29 the Bouclicault Comedy Company, under the management of R. E. Stevens, will present "Marriage" with the same cast with which it was performed in Philadelphia. New scenery and effects have been prepared by Orrin Richards and Mr. J. Lundy, and Mr. J. C. Dallady and his orchestra will give selections specially composed and arranged by Mr. Thomas Baker of New York. "Henry V," with George Rignold and J. C. Williamson and Miss Maggie Moore as the leads, will follow.....Miss Mary Anderson's benefit on the evening of Oct. 27, at the Boston Theatre, drew a large and enthusiastic audience. She repeated her performance of Juliet with her former success. Rufus Scott made his first appearance this season as Benvolio, in place of H. Pierson. Saturday evening, Nov. 3, McKee Rankin and Mittie Blanchard appear for one night only in "The Danites," and on Nov. 5 Miss Maggie Mitchell commences an engagement, and later John T. Raymond will appear. The Edwin Adams testimonial benefit, which occurs Wednesday morning, Oct. 31, is an assured success, the advance sale of seats being large. An invitation has been extended to and accepted by Mr Sothern and the members of the Park Theatre company to breakfast on the stage, which at the Parker House on their arrival from New York. The committee—Mr. Edward J. Howard, president; Frank G. Carter, Herman, Charles H. Parker, John C. Cowper and Dan J. Magrath—will meet the party at the station with carriages furnished gratuitously by H. & J. Graham, and convey them to the hotel, from which they will proceed to the theatre, and will leave the latter directly after in time for the one o'clock train for New York.....At The Vandeville Theatre, as the Parker Memorial Hall is now called, the same bills have been given for the performances by John C. Cowper, and will open Oct. 29 with "Our Boys," Mr. Cowper as Sir Geoffrey, Archie Cowper as Talbot, and Miss Sutton Vane as Mrs. Melrose. The prices of admission range from 25 cents to $1.....A new German theatre will be opened 31 in Turn Hall. Miss Sutton Vane, Boston Theatre company, and Manager Shewell, E. E. Buckley and Mrs. Thomas Barry, will give "How to Get a Divorce" at Kennedy Hall, Roxbury Highlands, Nov. 1. Miss Genevieve Ward is now writing a comedy for John C. Cowper, which the latter will produce at his new Vandeville Theatre.....Mr. Wm. Seaver, formerly doorkeeper of the Howard Athenæum, and till within a few years in the same position at the Boston Theatre from its opening under the late Thomas Barry, died in this city Oct. 25.....Michael Carney, dancer and dance writer, and Kearney Moran, formerly connected with Morris Brothers' Minstrels, died in this city Oct. 25, at the age of 22 years.....Miss Louise Anderson (Mrs. H. W. Johnson) died in Boston Oct. 24, after a long and painful illness. [A biographical sketch of the deceased may be found in "Amusement Annals."—ED. CLIPPER.].....The funeral of the late Edwin Adams took place from the residence of Mr. Geo. C. Howard, in Cambridge, at one o'clock to-day. The services will be conducted by the Rev. E. H. Bland of Cambridge and the Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston, the remains being deposited in Mount Auburn.....A word in regard to the "Our Oddities" paragraph in a past issue of THE CLIPPER. There was produced at the Boston Museum March 4, 1867, for the benefit of the late E. Keach, a comedy called "Doctor Wespe," announced as from the German of R. Benedix. It was played by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Mr. Keach and Mrs. Rankin.

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ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

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P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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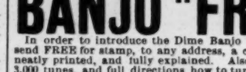

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